



THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
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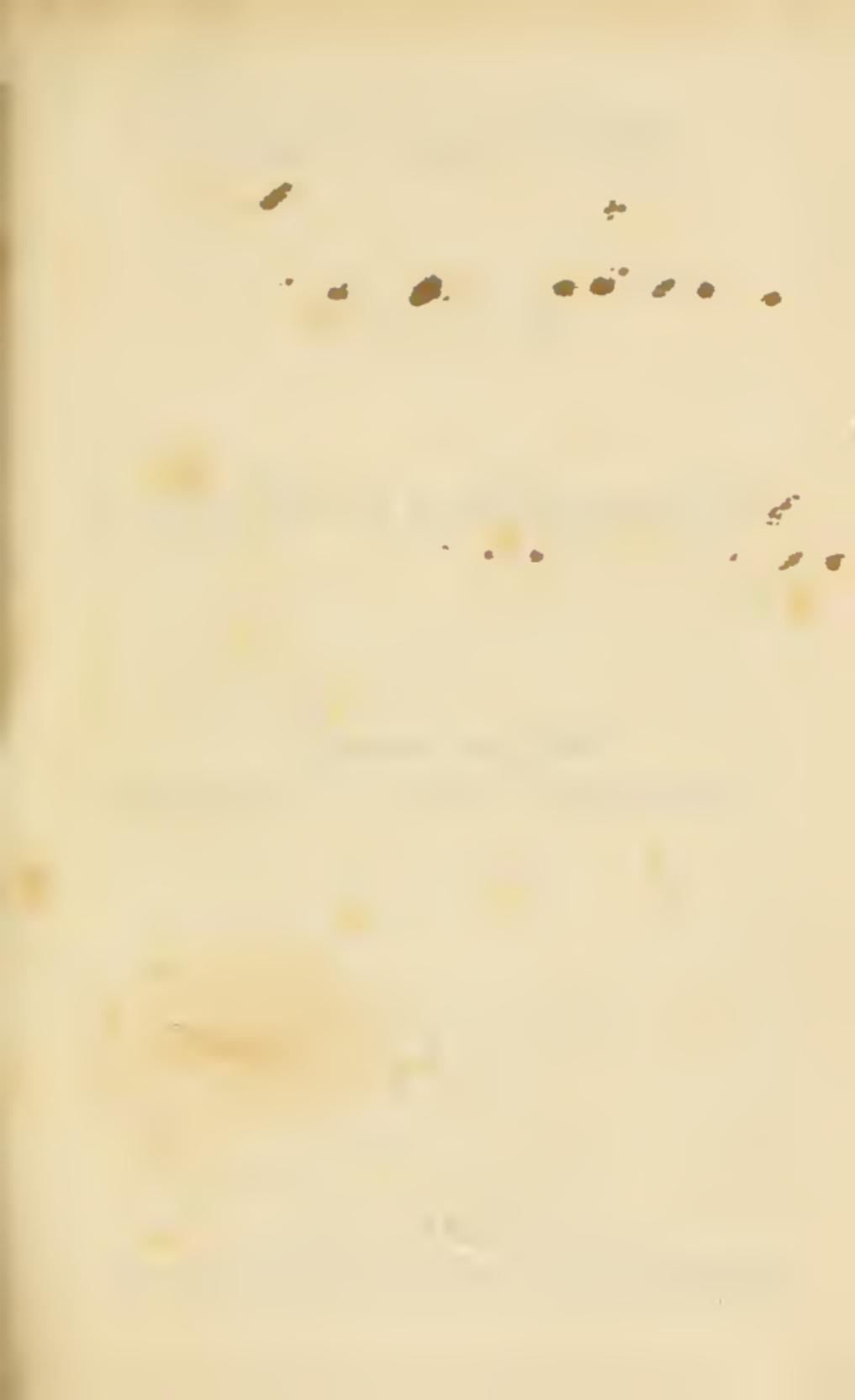
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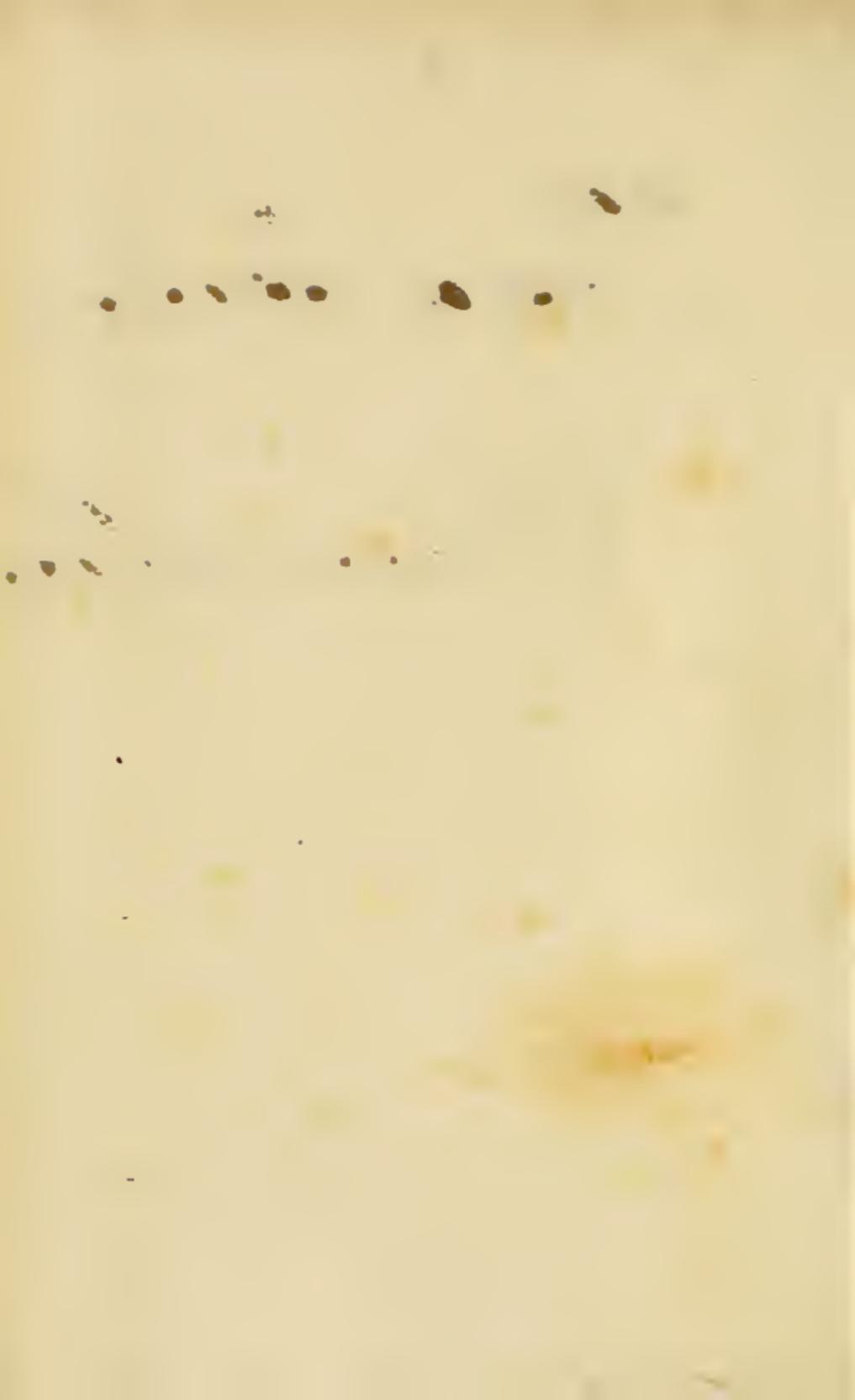
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HYMNS FOR YOUTH

SUITABLE TO BE USED

IN SABBATH AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

COMPILED FOR THE
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

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P R E F A C E.

THE present volume has been compiled to supply an obvious want, in the means of religious instruction in Presbyterian Sabbath and other schools. It is true there are extant various collections of Hymns, which have been extensively used, and have proved useful; but, in several important particulars, they were unsatisfactory, and a demand seemed to exist for a new selection which should be more choice and discriminative, be presented under a better arrangement, and embrace several Hymns which could not be admitted into the collections referred to. To meet such wishes and to supply such defects, the present

attempt has been made. The volume is designed for Parochial, as well as Sabbath schools, and although it has no pretension to perfection, it is believed to be, as a whole, superior in matter and arrangement to the Sunday School Hymn books now in use.

EDITOR OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

HYMNS FOR YOUTH.

GOD.

1 *The Trinity Invoked.* 6s & 4s.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless,
Give thy good word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great ONE in THREE,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!

Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

2 *The Trinity.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

GOD our Father, great Creator!
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 Gratitude for boundless favour
 Should in praise for ever flow!
 Great Jehovah!

Praise to thee is ever due.

2 Gracious Jesus, mighty Saviour!
 Hear our lispings to thy praise;
 Thou didst bless such little children,
 And invite them near thy face.
 Son of David!

Loud hosannas to thy name.

3 Holy Spirit! take thy dwelling
 In these sinful hearts of ours;
 Purify us by thy graces,
 Sanctify our inmost powers.
 Source of comfort!

Lighten our benighted minds.

4 Show us all thy great salvation,
 Lead us in the way of truth;
 Keep us safe from all temptation,

Be the Guardian of our youth.

O protect us

Through this wilderness of woe!

3 *The Trinity Invoked.* 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union

With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

4 *God ever Present.* L. M.

AWAKE, asleep, by night by day,
When at my study or my play,
Although the Lord I cannot see,
His eye is always fixed on me.

2 God never will forsake his own;
He will not leave me when alone;
When not another friend is near,
May I remember God is here.

3 O may I try to please him still,
To know and love, and do his will;
Then will it joy and gladness be,
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

5 *God's Omnipresence.* L. M.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes: God is like a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No: for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven; he frowns in hell;
He fills the earth, the air, the sea;
I must within his presence dwell,
I can not from his anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee: he shows me where;
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly,
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

6

God is every where.

C. M.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.

7 *God every where.* C. M.

I KNOW, when I lie down to sleep,
 That God is by my bed ;
 That angels watch by his command,
 Around my infant head.

2 I know, when I kneel down to pray,
 That still my God is there ;
 He hears my words, he sees my thoughts,
 And will accept my prayer.

3 I know, when I go forth to play,
 That God is near my side ;
 Through every hour, at every step
 He is my Guard and Guide.

4 I know, his eye sees every thing,
 In earth, and sea, and air ;
 That he in darkness, as in light,
 Can see me every where.

5 Then let me guard each thought and word.
 Lest God who looks within
 And seeks to find a holy heart,
 Should find it stained with sin.

8 *The all-seeing God.* C. M.

A LMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and published there?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
 Upward I dare not look;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt;
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

9

The Unchanging God.

S. M.

HOW bright is yonder sun,
 In morning splendour drest!
 All nature hails the glorious one,
 And rises from her rest!

2 Yet all shall pass away,
 Heaven's highest orbs shall fade;
 And this fair, lovely earth decay,
 A void and fleeting shade.

3 But, my eternal Lord,
 Thou ever art the same;
 Unmoved, unchangeable thy word,
 All glorious thy name!

4 My Father and my Friend,
 Thou Lord of light above,
 Thy mercy hath no bound, no end;
 Eternal is thy love.

5 A frail and guilty thing,
 To thee I lift mine eye,
 And while to Jesus' cross I cling,
 Thy wrath shall pass me by.

6 O, tell me I am thine:
 That word shall soothe my heart,
 And joy shall o'er my spirit shine,
 And each dark fear depart.

10 *Power and Goodness of God.* C. M.

I SING the mighty power of God
 That made the mountains rise;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That filled the earth with food;
 He formed the creatures by his word,
 And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
 But makes thy glories known;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

11

God's Goodness.

C. M.

COME, let us join, our Lord to praise,
 Whose mercy know's no end;
 To him our cheerful voices raise,
 Our Father and our Friend.

2 In tender infancy, his care
 Preserved our lives from harm;
 And now he keeps us from the snare
 Of sin's deceitful charm.

3 He gives us friends, who seek our good,
 And strive to make us wise;
 His bounteous hand provides our food,
 And all our wants supplies.

4 With grateful praise we will proclaim
 The mercies of our God;
 And sing the glory of his name,
 Who bought us with his blood.

12

God's Goodness.

7s.

POOR and needy though I be,
 God my Maker cares for me;
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
 Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
 He is with me night and day,
 When I sleep and when I wake,
 Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
 Once became as poor as I;
 He whose blood for me was shed,
 Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

13. *God's Beneficence.* C. M.

FAITHER, to thee my heart I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power, and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive;
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought
And righteous word, is thine.

5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee we are, and move, and live,
Our God is ALL in ALL.

14. *God's Beneficence.* S. M.

MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;

Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O, what can I impart,
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,—
A gift, alas, how poor !

5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
And shall my passions rove ?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

15 *God's works Celebrated.* L. P. M.

I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
 Princes must die and turn to dust;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
 Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He sends the labouring conscience
 peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell;
 Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns:
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage:
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

16 *God's Providence and Grace.* S. M.

O THOU, my life, my joy,
 My glory and my all!
 Unsent by thee, no good can come,
 No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy wondrous works,
 And methods of thy grace,
 That I may safely trust in thee,
 Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine all-powerful arm
 Upholds me in the way;
 And thy rich bounty well supplies
 The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, Lord,
 Ten thousand thanks are due;
 For such compassions, I esteem
 Ten thousand thanks too few.

17 *God's Love seen in Nature.* C. P. M.

MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
 How bright on high its glories blaze!
 How sweetly bloom below!
 It streams from thine eternal throne;
 Through heaven its joys for ever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
 And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
 Their genial drops distil;
 In every vernal beam it glows,
 It breathes in every gale that blows,
 And glides in every rill.

3 But in thy word I see it shine
 With grace and glories more divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiven;
 There Faith, bright cherub, points the way

To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

18 *God seen in his Works.* L. M.

THY works proclaim thy glory, Lord;
The blooming fields, the singing bird,
The tempest, and the sunny hour,
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.

2 And when the setting sun declines,
I see thee in its brilliant lines:
Those tints, so beautiful and bright,
Reveal the Author of all light.

3 Great God! how should our worship rise
To thee, who formed the earth and skies!
The things that creep, and things that fly,
Are viewed by thine all-seeing eye.

4 Then will I still adore thy name,
Thou, who for ever art the same;
But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

19 *God has preserved us.* L. M.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Thy praises shall our lips employ,
In the eternal world of joy.

20

God's Protection.

8's.

TINSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

21 *God our Heavenly Father.* L. M.

GREAT God! and wilt thou be so kind
The comfort of a child to mind?

I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou hear

My feeble and imperfect prayer?

Or wilt thou listen to the praise

That such a one as I can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be

A meek, obedient child to thee;

And try, in word, and deed, and thought,

To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? I 'll depend

Upon the care of such a Friend;

And only wish to do and be

Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father? then at last,

When all my days on earth are past,

Send down and take me in thy love,

To be thy better child above.

22 *God's Works praise Him.* S. M.

TEN thousand different flowers

To thee sweet offerings bear;

And cheerful birds in shady bowers,

Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,

The trees on every hill;

1 The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown ;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

5 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
O tune them all to sing thy praise
In better songs on high.

JESUS CHRIST.

1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

24 *Birth of Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free!
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, yet God our King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

25 *Birth of Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies!
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;
 O! receive, whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten mortals to adore him,
 Learn his name and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth,
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

26

Advent of Christ.

7s.

HARK!—the herald angels sing,
 “Glory to the new born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild!
 God and sinners reconciled!”

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
 Hail th' incarnate Deity;
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 See the great Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.

27 *Christ's Humiliation.* C. M.

JESUS, thou Man of sorrows! born
 To suffering here below,
 To toil through poverty and scorn,
 Through weakness and through woe.

2 Immanuel! Thou by every grief,
 By each temptation tried,
 Hast lived to yield our wants relief,
 And to redeem us, died.

3 If, gaily clothed and richly fed,
 In wealth and ease we dwell,
 Remind us of thy manger-bed
 And lowly cottage-cell.

4 If, pressed by poverty severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 Let conscience whisper in our ear,
 A poorer lot was thine.

5 From all the subtle snares of sin
 Preserve us firm and free ;
 As thou, like us, hast tempted been,
 O keep us pure with thee.

28 *The Condescension of Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story
 From the book of God is read ;
 How the Lord of life and glory
 Had not where to lay his head !

2 How he left his throne in heaven,
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die ;
 That my soul might be forgiven,
 And ascend to God on high !

3 If I worship God who gave me
 Life, and health, and all things here ;
 Should not he who died to save me,
 To my soul be very dear ?

4 Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
 Let me not ungrateful be ;
 Let my words and my behaviour
 Prove I love and honour thee.

5 Father, let thy Holy Spirit
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,
 And prepare me to inherit
 Glory where he reigns above.

6 There with saints and angels dwelling
 May I that great love proclaim,
 And with them be ever telling
 All the wonders of his name.

29*Christ's Humiliation.*

C. M.

JESUS was once despised and low,
 A stranger and distressed;
 Without a home to which to go,
 Or pillow where to rest.

2 Now on a high majestic seat

He reigns above the sky;
 And angels worship at his feet,
 Or at his bidding fly.

3 Once he was crowned with prickly thorns,

And scoffed at in his pain;
 Now a bright crown his head adorns,
 And he is King again.

4 But what a condescending King,

Who, though he reigns so high,
 Is pleased when little children sing,
 And listens to their cry!

5 He views them from his heavenly throne;

He watches all their ways,
 And stoops to notice for his own
 The youngest child that prays.

30*Christ's Humiliation.*

C. M.

LET children bless the Saviour's name,
 And sing his wondrous grace;
 Who from the realms of glory came,
 To save our sinful race.

2 Though he was rich in heaven above,

From all eternity;

He left his greatness, out of love
For sinners such as we.

3 The poorest child is scarce so poor
As Jesus Christ became;
When, our salvation to procure,
He bore our sin and shame.

4 A manger for his cradle bed
Received him at his birth;
He had not where to lay his head,
Though Lord of heaven and earth.

5 Lord Jesus! while we sing thy grace,
We love thee and adore;
But when in heaven we see thy face,
Our souls shall love thee more.

31 *Sufferings of Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

HAVE you read the wondrous story,
Of the Saviour's life and death;
How he left his throne of glory,
And for us resigned his breath?

2 May a helpless child come near him,
And his tender pity crave?
Will he notice those who fear him?
Will he such a sinner save?

3 Yes; for with compassion beaming
From his kind and tender eye,
While with love his words are teeming,
Hear this blessed Saviour cry:—

4 “Come and welcome, 'tis my pleasure
Little children to receive;

Those who seek me find a treasure,
Which this world can never give."

5 Lord, I come, and would surrender
All I am and have to thee;
While I cry, "What shall I render
To the Lord for calling me?"

32 *The Poverty of Christ.* 7s.

EVERY bird can build her nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the worlds were made
Had not where to lay his head.

2 He who is the Lord Most High,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

33 *Christ our Sacrifice.* S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

34*Suffering Saviour.*

S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 Angels with wonder see;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul!
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear:
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

35*The Blood of Christ.*

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there would I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,

• Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save; [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

36 *Atonement finished.* 8s.

'TIS finished!—so the Saviour cried;
And meekly bowed his head, and died!
'Tis finished:—yes; the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished! all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished!—this my dying groan
Shall sin of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished!—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:

'Tis finished!—let the echo fly, [and sky.
Through heaven and hell, through earth

37 *Atonement finished.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
"It is finished!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

38 *The Wonders of Redemption.* C. M.

TO dwell with sinners here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

2 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled!

3 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

39 *Sitting at the Foot of the Cross.* 8s, & 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears, his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

40 *Christ's Name precious.* C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

41

Christ a Refuge.

C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;

Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

42 *Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C. M.

THOU art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way—the Truth—the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

43 *Mercy in Christ.* C. M.

MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry;

Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me, for none beside can save ;
At thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave ;
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide ;
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven on thy side.

4 To this, this only will I cleave,
Thy word is all my plea ;
That word is truth, and I believe ;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

44*Star of Bethlehem.*

7s.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star !
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night ;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there !

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;

See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day !

45 *Christ a Pattern for his Followers.* L. M.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer :
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

46 *Christ the Rock of Ages.* 7s.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee :
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands ;

Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

47

The Sinner's Friend.

8, 7.

ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

48 *Christ's Love.* L. M.

WHY did the Son of God come down,
 From the bright scenes of heavenly
 And lay aside his kingly crown [bliss,
 To visit such a world as this ?

2 Why in a stable was he born,
 Who was the Lord of earth and sky ?
 The object of reproach and scorn ;
 Why did he suffer, weep, and sigh ?

3 Why was he scourged and crucified,
 Who was so holy, kind, and good ?
 Why did the soldier pierce his side ?
 Why flowed the water and the blood ?

4 Why was he laid within the tomb ?
 Among the dead why did he stay ?
 Why did a mighty angel come,
 And roll the heavy stone away ?

5 Why did he from the dead arise,
 The very self-same flesh and bone ?
 And then ascend above the skies
 To sit again upon his throne ?

6 Because his heart was full of love ;
 Because he pitied sinners so ;

This made him leave his throne above,
And come and suffer here below.

7 His children from their sins to save,
Affliction, grief, reproach he bore ;
That they might life and glory have,
With sorrows he was covered o'er.

8 To save them from eternal pains
He lived and died a man of woes ;
For them in glory now he reigns,
Triumphant over all his foes.

9 And though above the starry skies
He sits the everlasting God,
He hears the praises, prayers and cries
Of children purchased by his blood.

49

The Sinner's Friend.

C. M.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care ;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise,
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

50*Jesus the Redeemer.***C. M.**

BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
 The justice and the grace,
 That joined in council to restore
 And save our ruined race.

2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,

And from his glory fell ;
 And we, his children, thus were brought
 To death, and near to hell.

3 Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son

To take our flesh and blood ;
 He for our lives gave up his own,
 To make our peace with God.

4 He honoured all his Father's laws,

Which we have disobeyed ;
 He bore our sins upon the cross,
 And our full ransom paid.

5 Behold him rising from the grave,

Behold him raised on high :
 He pleads his merits there to save
 Transgressors doomed to die.

6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,

And, by his power divine,
 Redeems us from the slavish chains
 Of Satan and of sin.

51*I sing the Cross.***L. M.**

OF Jesus and his cross I sing ;
 My best affections cluster there ;

Thence all my sweetest comforts spring,
Joys to my soul, than life, more dear.

2 I love to linger near the cross,
And feel as if my Lord was there;
It makes me count the world but dross,
And fills my soul with faith and prayer.

3 While with a melting heart I gaze,
And drink my Saviour's sorrows in,
He bows his head, and sweetly says,
" 'Tis finished ; there 's an end of sin."

4 Strangely my sorrows turn to joy,
I hail the dying, conquering King;
The victors' crowns my thoughts employ,
And Christ, the living Christ, I sing.

52

Good Shepherd.

S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;

Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

53 *Christ the Shepherd of his Flock.* **7s.**

SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
Lead me to the shadowing rock ;
Where the richest pasture grows,
Where the living water flows.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Sheltered from the scorching beam ;
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near thy side.

54 *Christ's Regard to Children.* **7s.**

CHILDREN, think on Jesus' love,
Who he was, and what he bore ;
He was one with God above,
Full of wisdom, grace, and power.

2 Think of all his love to man,
When he left his throne on high,
And contrived the wondrous plan,
So to suffer, bleed, and die.

3 See ! he hangs upon the cross, [blood ;
 Crowned with thorns, and bathed in
 Children, this for you he bore ;
 'Tis to bring your souls to God.

4 Let then all your future breath
 Rise to him in praise and love ;
 Pray, that through his pains and death,
 You may reach his throne above.

55

The Children's Friend.

C. M.

1 THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
 To thee our prayers ascend :
 To thee we 'll tune our songs of praise ;
 Thou art the children's Friend.

2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
 Our life and health descend :
 O save our souls from sin and woe,
 Jesus, the children's Friend.

3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
 And to its truths attend ;
 Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
 And love the children's Friend.

4 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
 From every ill defend ;
 Help us in early life to flee
 To thee, the children's Friend.

5 Oh may we taste of Jesus' love,
 To him our souls commend ;

For Jesus left the realms above,
To be the children's Friend.

6 Let all our hopes be fixed on high,
And when our lives shall end,
Then may we live above the sky,
With thee, the children's Friend.

56 *Christ exalted and interceding.* 8s, & 7s.

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive :
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

57 *Invocation of the Spirit.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God ;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire ?
O ! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see :
O ! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

58 *Prayer for the Descent of the Spirit.* C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours,

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

59

The Spirit Invoked.

7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine !
 Let thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart :
 Breathe thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way ;
 Fill my soul with joy divine ;
 Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

60 *Influences of the Spirit Implored.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 With energy divine ;
 And on this poor benighted soul
 With beams of mercy shine.

2 O melt this frozen heart ;
 This stubborn will subdue ;
 Each evil passion overcome,
 And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
 But thine shall be the praise ;
 And unto thee will I devote
 The remnant of my days.

61*The Striving of the Spirit.*

L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

62*Grieving the Spirit.*

S. M.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?

Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine ?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed ?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray ;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught
Will fill thee with surprise.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

63*Riches of the Bible.***L. M.**

THIS is a precious book indeed ;
Happy the child that loves to read :
'Tis God's own word which he has given,
To show our souls the way to heaven.

2 It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the Lord obeyed :
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die :

It tells of heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, Jesus died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent. •

5 Let us be thankful, that we may
Read this good Bible every day :
'Tis God's own word which he has given,
To show our souls the way to heaven.

64 *The Bible Precious.* C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

65 *Excellency of the Bible.* 7s.

HOLY Bible ! book divine !

Precious treasure ! thou art mine :
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
Mine, to teach me what I am :

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine to show a Saviour's love ;

Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit:

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

66 *Excellency of the Scriptures.* 8s, & 7s.

WHILE each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, O Lord, of thee,
In this happy land, salvation
Richly is revealed to me.

2 What a blessing, what a treasure,
I possess in thy dear word!
There I read with holy pleasure
Of the love of Christ my Lord.

3 God's blest word reveals the Saviour
Sinful children deeply need;
Oh! what mercy, love, and favour,
That for sinners Christ should bleed!

4 Oh! the blessedness of knowing
Christ the tender Saviour's love,
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

5 Heavenly Father! give thy Spirit
To each child who looks to thee;

May we thy rich grace inherit!
May we like our Saviour be!

67*The Bible a Treasure.*

C. M.

THIS is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

68*Value of the Bible to Youth.*

C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

69 *How to read the Bible.* C. M.

JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
 To thee I lift mine eyes;
 Teach and instruct me by thy word,
 And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
 Thy whole revealed will;
 Fain would I learn to comprehend
 Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
 With ever new delight:
 Help me to love its Author more;
 To seek thee day and night.

4 O let it purify my heart,
 And guide me all my days;
 Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

70 *Sinners exhorted.* 7s.

YE that in his courts are found,
 Listening to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Full of sorrow, sin and care,

Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness and heaven ;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

71*Danger of Delay.*

L. M.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O ! hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

72*Sinners Invited.*

C. M.

THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;

Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain:
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

73

Precious Invitation.

L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's untiring wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,

Before his bar your souls shall bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

74 *God Invites.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken,
'Tis the God that reigns on high;
He whose law the world has broken,
Sends you tidings of great joy !
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest you die.

2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings :
Here's a fountain—O draw near it !
Opened by the King of kings :
Living water
Thence, in streams eternal, springs.

3 Sinners, hear—why will you perish ?
Death to life, O why prefer ?
Why your vain delusions cherish ?
Why from truth persist to err ?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

75 *Come, ye Sinners.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power;
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

76 *Expostulation with Sinners.* **7s.**

SINNERs, turn, why will ye die?
 God your Maker asks you **why**:
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live,
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God your Saviour asks you why ;
 He who did your soul retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live,
 Will ye let him die in vain,
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye rebel sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God the Spirit asks you why ;
 Many a time with you he strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love ;
 Will ye not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why will ye for ever die,
 O ye guilty sinners, why ?

77

Expostulation.

7s.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Covered with his flowing blood ;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Crucified the incarnate Son !

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Driven the nails that fixed him there ;
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with the soldier's spear ;
 Made his soul a sacrifice ;
 For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
 Still to death pursue the Lord ;

Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No, with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.

78 *The broad and narrow Way.* **6s.**

STRIVE, for the way is strait
In which the Saviour trod ;
And narrow is the gate
That leadeth up to God :
Cut off the ensnaring hand,
Pluck out the ensnaring eye ;
Turn ye at God's command ;
Sinners, why will ye die ?

2 Strive, for there are but few
Who find the living way ;
Children, alas ! will you
Still blindly go astray ?
O shun the crowded gate,
Though wide it seem, and fair ;
'Twill bring you, soon or late,
To anguish and despair.

3 Strive, ere life's setting sun
Shall sink in thickest gloom :
Strive, night is coming on ;
Ye hasten to the tomb.
Ask ; mercy shall be given ;
Seek as for hidden gold ;
Knock, and the Lord of heaven
The gates will wide unfold.

79*Why will ye die?*

7s.

LET the beasts their breath resign,
 Strangers to the life divine ;
 You for higher ends were born,
 You may all to God return.

2 What could your Redeemer do
 More than he hath done for you ?
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood ?

3 After all his dying love,
 All his influence from above,
 Why will ye your Lord deny ?
 Why will ye for ever die ?

80*The accepted Time.*

S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord ;
 We are his works, and not our own ;
 *He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;

Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race :

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
" You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

81 *Danger of Delay in Religion.* C. M.

TIS but a short uncertain space
Allowed us here to live :
Death, unperceived, comes on apace,
And may no warning give.

2 Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young,
His fatal dart can fly ;
The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,
Without distinction die.

3 This day, for any thing we know,
May prove to be our last ;
For death may strike the fatal blow,
Ere the next hour be past.

4 And shall we trifle and delay,
And still keep sinning on ;
Neglect our souls from day to day,
Till life and time are gone ?

5 The present moment let us seize,
For this alone is ours ;

Now set ourselves our God to please,
With all our active powers.

6 To-day, while it is called to-day,
Let us regard this truth ;
Since danger must attend delay,
To every thoughtless youth.

82

The Penitent.

C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to thy mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears but those which thou hast shed ;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive :
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

83

Confession of Sin.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father ! God of grace !
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission and of act

Through all our lives abound ;
 Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,
 No health in us is found.

3 Oh spare us, Lord ! in mercy spare :

Our contrite souls restore,
 Through him who died upon the cross,
 And man's transgressions bore.

4 And grant, O Father, for his sake,

That we, through all our days,
 A just and godly life may lead
 To thine eternal praise.

84

The penitent Child.

L. M.

LORD, I have dared to disobey [ven,
 My friends on earth, and thee in hea-
 O help me now to come and pray,
 For Jesus' sake, to be forgiven.

2 I cannot say I did not know,

For I've been taught thy holy will ;
 And while my conscience told me so,
 And bade me stop, I did it still.

3 But thou wast there to see my crime,

And write it in thy judgment-book ;
 O make me fear, another time,
 A sinful thought, or word, or look.

4 Forgive me, Lord, forgive, I pray,

This wicked thing that I have done ;
 And take my sinful heart away,
 And make me holy, like thy Son.

85 *A Child's Confession and Prayer.* C. M.

A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
 In thought, and word, and deed :
 But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
 For such to intercede.

2 From early infancy, I know,

A rebel I have been ;
 And daily, as I older grow,
 I fear I grow in sin.

3 But God can change this evil heart,

And give a holy mind ;
 And his own heavenly grace impart,
 Which those who seek shall find.

4 Then let me all my sins confess,

And pardoning grace implore ;
 That I may learn thy righteousness,
 And love my Saviour more.

86 *The Repenting Sinner Returning.* C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve :

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin

High as a mountain rose ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,

And there my guilt confess ;

I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer :
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

87 *A broken Heart.* L. M.

O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;

The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

88

Pleading for Pardon.

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

89

Sins Confessed and Mourned.

7s.

GOD of mercy ! God of grace !
 Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs..

2 Lord, we mourn our follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent ;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent :

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain :

4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame we own ;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.

90

Repentance at the Cross.

C. M.

TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groaned away a dying life,
 For thee, my soul, for thee..

2 O ! how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God ;
 Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.

3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed ;

Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

4 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

91*Pleading for Mercy.***L. M.**

WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.

2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 O think upon thy holy word,
And every precious promise there,
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory 'tis to spare.

4 Remember not my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.

92*Prayer for Mercy.***C. M.**

LORD, to thy mercy-seat I come,
And bow before thy throne;
Here at thy footstool will I plead
The merits of thy Son.

2 Though crimes of deepest dye appear,
 And justice bids thee slay ;
 Yet in thy mercy will I trust,
 To wash my sins away.

3 My only hope is in that blood,
 For me on Calvary shed ;
 My only plea is this,—for me,
 For me my Saviour bled.

93 *Penitence desired.* S. M. D.

O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart !
 A heart with grief oppressed
 For having grieved my God,
 A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire ;
 • With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire.
 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down ;
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

94 *Blessings of Pardon.* S. M.

O ! BLESSED souls are they
 Whose sins are covered o'er ;
 • Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care ;
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
 I felt the festering wound,
 Till I confessed my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne ;
 Our help in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

95*Joy over the Convert.*

L. M.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born ?

2 With joy, the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love :
 The Son with joy looks down, and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he formed anew ;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

96*Joy over a repenting Sinner.*

C. M.

HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
 When but one sinner turns,

And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns !

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan :
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

97 *Praise for Conversion.* 8s, & 7s.

HAIL ! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing ;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

2 O ! what mercy flows from heaven !
O ! what joy and happiness !
Love I much ? I 'm much forgiven,
I 'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness ;

Love I much ? I 'm much forgiven,
I 'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above ;
Whilst astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace ;
Love I much ? I 'm much forgiven,
I 'm a miracle of grace.

98

The Chief Concern.

C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below,
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know !

2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O ! may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;

And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

99

Seeking God.

S. M.

MY God, permit my tongue .
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

100

Seeking God.

C. M.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
“Ye children seek my grace,”
My heart replied, without delay,
“I’ll seek my Father’s face.”

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed,
 To see thy grace provide relief ;
 Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He 'll raise your spirit while it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

101 *The Broad and the Narrow Way.* C. M.

THREE is a path that leads to God,
 All others go astray :
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
 And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be past ;
 But those who boldly walk therein,
 Will come to heaven at last.

3 But how shall little children dare
 This dangerous path to tread ?
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful travellers spread ;

4 While the broad road where thousands go,
 Lies near, and opens fair ;
 And many turn aside I know,
 To walk with sinners there.

5 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
 Or wander from thy way,
 Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
 And I shall never stray.

102 *The chief Concern.* **7, 6.**

IT is not earthly pleasure,
 That withers in a day ;
 It is not mortal treasure,
 That flieth soon away ;
 It is not friends that leave us,
 It is not sense nor sin,
 That smile but to deceive us,
 Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
 Joy beyond earth's control ;
 Rich from the throne it springeth,
 A fountain to the soul.
 He that is meek and lowly,
 The Saviour's face shall see ;
 To none but to the holy,
 Heaven's gates shall opened be.

3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us,
 While we thy words are taught :
 And may these days that cheer us,
 With future good be fraught ;

May we, to heaven invited,
When youth and life are flown,
Teachers and taught united,
Assemble round the throne.

103*Divine Guidance.*

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Father divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 O may my frail and wavering heart,
Like Mary, choose the better part ;
And scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
Let tempests rage thro' earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and peaceful die ;
Secure when earthly comforts flee,
To find far greater joys in thee.

104*Converting Grace Desired.*

S. M.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living Way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;

Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined ;
Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

105 *A new heart Desired.* C. M.

O H for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me !

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within ;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine,
 Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine. .

106 *Gospel obeyed or Resisted.* L. M.

THUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,
 "Blest is the man that hears my word,
 Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 Immortal wealth and heavenly gain ;
 Immortal life is his reward,
 Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
 Does his own soul an injury ;
 Fools, that against my grace rebel,
 Seek death and love the road to hell."

107 *Seeking after God.* C. M.

0 THAT I knew the secret place
 Where I might find my God ;
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain ;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God ;

I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

108 *Regeneration by the Spirit.* C. M.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace :
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

109*Yielding to Christ.*

8s.

O JESUS! delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine!
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine.

2 Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favour is heaven to me.

3 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away,
O call me thine own little child.

4 And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

110*Dedication to God.*

C. M.

ETERNAL Father, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, O let us be!
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;

So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

111 *Peace in Believing.* 5s, 6s, & 9s.

HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
O! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'T was heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name:
O! that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

112 *Victorious Faith.* 8s.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,

His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name ;
The work of God's Spirit it is.

3 It treads on the world and on hell ;
It vanquishes death and despair ;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer.

4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand between God and the soul ;
It binds up the broken in heart, [whole :
The wounded in conscience makes

5 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

113*Happy Christians.*

S. M.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas :

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;

He shall send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.

4 There shall we see his face,

And never, never sin;

There from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

5 The men of grace have found

Glory begun below:

Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.

6 The hill of Sion yields

A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

7 Then let our songs abound

And every tear be dry; [ground,

We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high.

114

Faith in Christ.

S. M.

FAITH is a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestowed;
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,

And all-atoning Priest;

It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.

3 On him it safely leans,

In times of deep distress,

Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.

5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

115 *Grace Triumphant.* S. M.

GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:

'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

116 *The Gospel's joyful Sound.* L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, who reignest
above,
And draw me with the cords of love,
And while the gospel does abound,
O ! may I know the joyful sound !

2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race :
It spreads a heavenly light around ;
O ! may I know the joyful sound !

3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole ;
In him we peace and pardon found ;
O ! may I know the joyful sound !

4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
Affords the needy sure relief ;
Releases those by Satan bound ;
O ! may I know the joyful sound !

117 *Rest only found in God.* S. M. D.

WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole :

The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O ! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.
 Here would we end our quest :
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love, the rest
 Of immortality.

118*Love.***L. M.**

LOVE is the theme of saints above ;
 Love be the theme of saints below ;
 Love is of God, for God is love ;
 With love let every bosom glow :

2 Love to the Spirit of all grace,
 Love to the Scriptures of all truth ;
 Love to our whole apostate race,
 Love to the aged, love to youth :

3 Love to each other ;—soul and mind,
 And heart and hand with full accord,
 In one sweet covenant combined
 To live and die unto the Lord.

4 Christ's little flock we then shall feed,
 The lambs we in our arms shall bear ;
 Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
 And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

119*Lovest thou me?*

7s.

HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And when wounded, healed thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be ;
 Say, poor sinner lovest thou me ?"

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee and adore ;
 O for grace to love thee more !

120*Not ashamed of Christ.*

L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
 No : when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus !—yes, I may,
 When I 've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And oh ! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

121*Christians have all in Christ.*

7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O ! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;

Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is staid,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 All in all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

122 *The World Renounced.* 8s, & 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my All shalt be.
 Let the world neglect and leave me ;
 They have left my Saviour too :

Human hopes have oft deceived me ;
 Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
 Come disaster, scorn and pain :
 In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
 With thy favour, loss is gain.
 O ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy bleeding love I see ;
 O ! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
 When that love is hid from me.

123 *Pressing Onwards.* C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

124 *Christ's Presence desired.* C. M.

L ORD, we esteem the favour great,
 And give the praise to thee,
 That we can thus together meet,
 And none to make us flee.

2 But hours like this will barren prove
 Unless we see thy face;
 Come then, O Saviour, from above,
 And consecrate this place.

3 O let the visits of thy love
 The purest joys impart:
 Let all our deadness now remove,
 And zeal fill every heart:

4 Zeal to confess thy glorious name,
 In spite of earth and hell;
 Thy loving kindness to proclaim,
 And all thy goodness tell.

5 Lord, let thy people's light so shine,
 That all the world may see,
 And own its origin divine,
 And give the praise to thee.

125 *Longing for a closer Walk with God.* C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light, to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

126 *Necessity of Sanctification.* C. M.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

127 *Sanctification Implored.* S. M.

BEHOLD the leprous Jew,
Oppressed with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.

2 "O speak the word," he cries,
"And heal me of my pain ;

Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
To make a leper clean."

3 Compassion moves his heart,
He speaks the gracious word ;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cured.

4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease ;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

5 But thy almighty grace
Can heal my leprous soul :
O ! bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

128 *Prayer for Sanctification.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence dost withdraw,

What easy victims soon we fall
To terror, sin, and law !

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

129 *Believers dead to Sin.* S. M.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds ;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free ;
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

130 *Breathing after Holiness.* 7s.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Meek and humble may we be :
Pride and anger put away,
Make us holy day by day.

2 May we hate a lying tongue,
Never seek another's wrong :
From all paths of fraud abstain,
Leading to eternal pain.

3 Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey ;
Richest blessings from above,
Give them for their tender love.

4 May we find the sweets of prayer
Sweeter than our pastimes are ;
Love the Sabbath, and the place
Where we learn to seek thy face.

5 Cleanse our hearts, our sins forgive,
Form us new, that we may live ;
Live to love thee, live to rise
To thy temple in the skies.

131 *Communion with God.* L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

132. *It shall be well with the Righteous.* S. M.

WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?

In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Though grieved at his delay.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

133 *Leaning on Christ.* L. P. M.

WHEN gathering clouds around I
view,

And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I should pursue,
 Or do the sin I should not do ;
 Still he, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

134*All for Christ.***C. M.**

AND must I part with all I have,
 My dearest Lord, for thee ?
 It is but right, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go !—one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of honour, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compared with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair.

4 Dear Saviour ! if I could from thee
 A holy heart obtain,
 Though destitute of all things else,
 I'd glory in my gain.

135*Religious Enjoyment.*

C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

136*The Pleasures of Religion.*

7s.

TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity ;

Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

137 *The pearl, the crown, the road, the hope.* 7, 6, 8.

THE pearl that worldlings covet,

Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauty fades as quickly,

As sunshine on the sea;

But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
'Tis called the pearl of greatest price;

Though few its value see,

O that's the pearl for me.

2 The crown that decks the monarch,

Is not the crown for me;

It dazzles but a moment,

Its brightness soon will flee;

But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love;

For ever bright 't will be,

O that's the crown for me.

3 The road that many travel,

Is not the road for me;

It leads to death and sorrow,

In it I would not be.

But there's a road that leads to God,

'Tis marked by Christ's most precious

The passage here is free, [blood;

O that's the road for me.

4 The hope that sinners cherish

Is not the hope for me;

Most surely will they perish
 Unless from sin made free.
 But there's a hope which rests in God,
 And leads the soul to keep his word,
 And sinful pleasures flee ;
 O that's the hope for me.

138 *Christian Consistency.* L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess ;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honours of our Saviour God,
 When his salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

139 *Christian Fellowship.* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain,
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free :
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

140*Beneficence.*

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
 All-powerful from above :
 To form in our obedient souls,
 The image of thy love.

2 Oh may our sympathizing breasts
 That generous pleasure know,
 Freely to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
 When throned above the skies ;
 And, midst the glories of his state,
 Felt his compassion rise.

141 *Resignation to the Will of God.* C. M.

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine ;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will,
 Who cannot do what is unjust,
 And must be righteous still ?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load,
 From whom assistance I obtain,
 To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
 Thrice blessed be his name ; [blood,
 Whose gracious promise, sealed with
 Must ever be the same.

142 *Submission under various Ills of Life.* C. M.

THROUGH all the downward tracts of
God's watchful eye surveys ; [time,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways ?

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind ;

To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less, when he denies ;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name ;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

143 *Submission.* C. M.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod ;
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above ?

3 How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross !

Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
For ever is the same!

144

Slothfulness lamented.

C. M.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour and toil and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And laboured for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill,
And wake, and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
 Upward our souls shall rise;
 With hands of faith and wings of love,
 We'll fly and take the prize.

145 *Call to Backsliders.* L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those new desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return ;
 God hears thy deep repentant sigh ;
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
 Go to his feet, and joy to learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear ;
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

146 *The Backslider returning.* C. M.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord !
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word !

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return :
 Dear Lord, and may I come ?

My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O ! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove ? .
 And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love ?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
 How glorious, how divine !
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;
 O ! keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

147 *Warning against Self-Confidence.* S. M.

BEWARE of Peter's word,
 Nor confidently say,
 "I never will deny the Lord,"
 But "grant I never may."

2 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone ;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide ;
 This more exalts the King of kings
 Than all your works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store ;
 Grace issues from his throne ;
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

148 *Seeking Assurance.* 7s.

'T IS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought,
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?

3 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
 Thou who art thy people's Sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

5 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

149 *"Lord, is it I?"* C. M.

WHO would not join the fervent cry ?
 Who would not seek thy face ?

And say, My Saviour! is it I
Who shall refuse thy grace?

2 Shall I a hardened sinner prove?
Shall I thy favour spurn?
Is my young heart too proud to move,
Too obstinate to turn?

3 Forbid it, Lord, we humbly pray,
And take us for thine own;
We would not live another day,
With such a heart of stone.

4 O let not one before thee now,
Thy dreadful vengeance meet;
But make the boldest of us bow
Repenting at thy feet.

150*Fears dismissed.*

C. M.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth, and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For his he will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;

'He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

151 *A Peaceful Mind.* C. M.

FAATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at the throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

152 *Deliverances Acknowledged.* L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath
Or turned aside the fatal hour, [led,
Or lifted up my sinking head,—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O, whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Father's breast,
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

153

Doctrines of Grace.

C. M.

LET me, my Saviour and my God,
 On sovereign grace rely;
 And own 'tis free because bestowed
 On one so vile as I.

2 Election! 'tis a word divine:
 For, Lord, I plainly see,
 Had not thy choice preceded mine,
 I ne'er had chosen thee.

3 For perseverance, strength I've none,
 But would on this depend,
 That Jesus, having loved his own,
 Will love them to the end.

4 Empty and bare, I come to thee
 For righteousness divine:
 O! may thy glorious merits be,
 By imputation, mine.

5 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
 From my lamenting eyes;
 And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
 To joy that never dies.

6 Free grace can death itself outbrave,
 And take the sting away;
 Can sinners to the utmost save,
 And give them victory.

PRAYER.

154*What is Prayer?*

C. M.

P RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

 The falling of a tear;

Prayer the upward glancing of an eye,

 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech

 That infant lips can try;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach

 The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice

 Returning from his ways;

While angels in their songs rejoice,

 And say—"Behold, he prays."

155*Prayer.*

7s, & 6s.

G O, when the morning shineth,
 Go, when the noon is bright;
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thoughts away,
 And in thy closet kneeling,
 Do thou in earnest pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee ;
 Pray for all those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition,
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee,
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way ;
 Even the silent breathings
 Of thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4 Oh ! not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare—
 The power that he hath given us,
 To pour our souls in prayer.
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall,
 And remember in thy gladness
 His grace who gave thee all.

156 *Encouragement to Prayer.*

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin ;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

5 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

157*Help to Prayer.***S. M.**

LORD, help us as we pray,
 To come with hearts sincere,
 And as we run in wisdom's way,
 To seek thy blessing here.

2 Lord, help us as we sing,
 To mean the words we use,
 And not to mock our heavenly King,
 And all his love abuse.

3 Lord, help us as we hear,
 To treasure up thy truth,
 That we may live in holy fear,
 And shun the sins of youth.

4 Lord, help us while we live,
 Thy servants to abide;
 The aid of thy good Spirit give;
 In mercy be our Guide.

5 Lord, help us when we die,
 To reach yon heavenly shore,
 That we with angel hosts on high
 May praise thee evermore.

158*Lord's Prayer.*

S. M. D.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now;
 Thy name be hallowed far and near,
 To thee all nations bow;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfil
 Thy perfect law above.

2 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive;
 From dark temptation's power,
 From Satan's wiles defend;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.

3 Thine, then, for ever be
 Glory and power divine;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.

Thus humbly taught to pray,
 By thy beloved Son,
 Through him we come to thee and say,
 All for his sake be done.

159 *Lord's Prayer.* 6s, & 5s.

O UR Father in heaven,
 We hallow thy name ;
 May thy kingdom holy
 On earth be the same.
O give to us daily
 Our portion of bread :
 It is from thy bounty
 That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
 And teach us to know
 That humble compassion
 Which pardons each foe :
 Keep us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin,
 And thine be the glory
 For ever—Amen.

160 *The Mercy-seat.* C. M.

A PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord ! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By wars without and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame ;
 That guilty sinners such as I
 Might plead thy gracious name !

161 *Prayer for God's Presence.* C. M.

O COULD I find from day to day
 A nearness to my God !
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 And lean upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I 'll adore ;
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

162*Watch and Pray.*

S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 O ! watch, and fight and pray,

 The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,

 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,

 Nor once at ease sit down;

Thy arduous work will not be done,

 'Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death

 Shall bring thee to thy God;

He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,

 Up to his blest abode.

163*How to pray aright.*

S. M.

I OFTEN say my prayers,

 But do I ever pray ?

Or do the wishes of my heart

 Suggest the words I say ?

2 'Tis useless to implore,

 Unless I feel my need:

Unless 'tis from a sense of want

 That all my prayers proceed.

3 I may as well kneel down

 And worship gods of stone,

As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

4 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he ever those regard
Whose prayers are insincere.

5 Lord! teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

164*Pray and never Faint.*

S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

165*Exhortation to Prayer.***L. M.**

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; [draw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
And Satan trembles when he sees [bright;
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

166*Lord, teach us how to Pray.***S. M.**

LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;

Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above ;
And spread abroad, o'er all thou seest,
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer ;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

167

Prayer.

C. M.

A DMITTED where thy truths are
While pious hearts adore ; [taught,
Father in heaven ! my spirit ought
Thy blessing to implore.

2 Instruct my ignorance, I pray ;
My wayward passions tame ;
From every folly guard my way,
From every sin reclaim.

3 With humble awe thy power I see,
Thy boundless mercy sing,
Few words become a child like me
Before so great a King.

4 Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
To trust in him who died,
To yield submission to his will,
For all is vain beside.

168*Sincerity in Prayer.*

C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
 As I am taught to do,
 God does not care for what I say,
 Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
 And when I pray or sing,
 I'm often thinking all the while
 About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
 To act a trifler's part,
 Or think that God will hear a prayer
 That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
 As holy children do,
 Then, while I seek him with my voice,
 My heart will love him too.

169 *Prayer for Guidance.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 Thou of death and hell the Conqueror,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

170 *For Guidance and Protection.* C. M.

GOD of our fathers ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are blest,
 Be with us through our pilgrimage,
 Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life,
 Our wandering footsteps guide :
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
 And portion evermore.

171 *Prayer for Guidance.* C. M.

O that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !

1 O! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !

2 O! send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere :
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet to often slip ;
Yet, since I 've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

172 *Prayer for the Graces of the Spirit. 8s, & 7s.*

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;

Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O ! breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest :
Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us now thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee :
Changed from glory into glory
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

173 *God's Condescension praised.* C. M.

ANGELS adore thee, and rejoice,
Such praise to thee belongs ;
But wilt thou hear my feeble voice,
Amid their lofty songs ?

2 My feeble powers can never rise
To praise thee as I ought :
For thou art great, and good, and wise,
Beyond my highest thought.

3 In heaven, thy glories, Lord, resound,
And children join the song :
And O may I at last be found
Among that happy throng !

4 There we shall better praises bring,
And raise our voices higher ;
Angels will teach us how to sing,
And we shall never tire.

174 *Adoring Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

MAY I love thee and adore thee,
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb ;
Teach my heart to bow before thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame.

2 Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high ;

Teach me, O thou great Creator,
How to live and how to die.

175

Invitation to praise.

C. M.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youthful days ;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

- 2 His Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things ;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.
- 3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for his grace ;
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom calls forth praise.
- 4 Glory to God, and praise and power,
Honour and thanks be given ;
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

176

God's Goodness praised.

L. M.

RAISED be the Lord, that love is shed,
In heavenly blessings on our head ;
He calls the young to seek his face,
And bids them know his wondrous grace.

- 2 The hungry soul his goodness feeds,
His feeble flock he gently leads,
Deigns in his arms the young to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

177*Praise to Christ.*

C. M.

COME, happy children, come and raise
 Your voice with one accord ;
 Come, sing the cheerful song of praise,
 And bless your Saviour Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his grace,
 Who pardons all your sin,
 And says that such as seek his face,
 Shall life eternal win.

3 Sing of the wonders of his love,
 And praise and glory give,
 To him who left his throne above,
 And died that you might live.

4 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
 And read in every page,
 The promise made to earliest youth,
 Fulfilled to latest age.

5 Sing of the wonders of his power,
 Who with his own right arm,
 Upholds and keeps you every hour,
 And shields your soul from harm.

6 Sing of the wonders of his name,
 And Jesus Christ adore ;
 Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
 And praise him evermore.

178*Invitation to praise.*

C. M.

COME, children, let us Jesus praise,
 His holy name adore ;

O let us love him all our days,
And praise him evermore.

2 'Twas Jesus who, the Lord of all,
For us became so poor;
'Twas Jesus raised us from the fall,—
O praise him evermore.

3 'Twas Jesus who did bleed and die
When all our sins he bore;
'Tis Jesus pleads for us on high,—
O praise him evermore.

4 'Tis Jesus, to prepare a place
For us, is gone before;
'Tis Jesus bids us seek his face,—
O praise him evermore.

179

Praise for Health.

S. M.

HOW gracious is my God,
Who gives me more than wealth;
And more than mortals could bestow
The precious gift of health.

2 That health I would devote
To spread his praise abroad,
And would my youthful hours employ
To love and serve my God.

3 How many children lie
On beds of grief and pain;
They hope and wait for health and ease,
But wait and hope in vain.

4 O may I ne'er forget
My God so good and kind,

But serve him with my every power
Of body and of mind.

180 *God's Goodness praised.* C. M.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And danger every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give me power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

181 *Special Mercy praised.* C. M.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more ;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

4 While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal ;
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

5 Are these thy favours, day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And strive to serve thee best.

182*Praise for Mercies.***L. M.**

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
 To thee my youngest hours belong ;
 I would begin my life with praise,
 Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
 That I was born on Christian ground ;
 Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
 And words of sweet salvation sound.

3 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
 Kindle my hopes, and my desire ;
 While all the preachers of thy word
 Warn me to escape eternal fire.

4 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
 Since thou hast marked my way to heaven ;
 Nor will I run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings thou hast given.

183*Worthy the Lamb.***6, 4.**

GLORY to God on high !
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 “Praise ye his name !”
 Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 “Worthy the Lamb !”

2 Join all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless ; .

 Praise ye his name.
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 “Worthy the Lamb !”

3 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease

 Praising his name ;
 Still will we tribute bring ;
 Hail him our gracious King ;
 And, through all ages, sing,
 “Worthy the Lamb !”

184*Praise for Privileges.***C. M.**

I THANK the goodness and the grace
 Which on my birth have smiled,
 And made me in these Christian days,
 A highly favoured child.

2 I was not born, as thousands are,
 Where Jesus is unknown,

And taught to pray a useless prayer
 To blocks of wood or stone.

3 I was not born without a home,
 Or in a broken shed ;
 A wretched outcast, taught to roam,
 And steal my daily bread.

4 My God ! I thank thee, who hast planned
 A better lot for me ;
 And placed me in this happy land,
 Where I may hear of thee.

185

Praise for Privileges.

L. M.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
 And not to chance, as many do,
 That I was born of Christian race,
 And not a heathen or a Jew.

2 What would the ancient Jewish kings
 And Jewish prophets once have given,
 Could they have heard those glorious
 things, [heaven !
 Which Christ revealed and brought from

3 How glad the heathen would have been,
 That worshipped idols, wood, and stone,
 If they the book of God had seen,
 Or Jesus and his gospel known !

4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
 How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews
 Against me will in judgment rise.

186*Praise to the Redeemer.*

S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart, and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,

 Sing of his rising power ;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,

 Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,
 In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,

 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.

187*Grateful Recollection.* 8s, & 7s.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—O ! fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,

 Hither by thy help I'm come ;

And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

188 *Triumph in Christ.* C. M.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies ;
 My anchor-hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God ;
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name :
 In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

189 *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus !

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;

And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

190 *Morn amid the Mountains.* 6s, & 5s.

MORN amid the mountains—
Lovely solitude !

Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur, “God is good !”

2 Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood ;
Deepest vales, awaking,
Echo, “God is good !”

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood ;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, “God is good !”

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued ;

He whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God, is good !

191 *Praise to Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth ;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away !
Then with golden harps we 'll sing,
“ Glory, glory to our King.”

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

192 *Youth the Season for Religion.* C. M.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul
The world can never buy ;
And while eternal ages roll,
It will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell ;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the grave of hell.

3 The soul by numerous sins defiled
Can never enter heaven,
Till God and it be reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven :

4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness ;
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renewed by sovereign grace.

5 Pardon and cleanse it, God of grace !
And let it holy be ;
Arrayed in perfect holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

193 *Buy the Truth.* 7s, & 6s.

GO thou, in life's fair morning,
Go, in the bloom of youth,

And buy, for thy adorning,
 The precious pearl of truth.
 Secure this heavenly treasure,
 And bind it on thy heart,
 And let not worldly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:
 Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
 'Tis worth all earthly things,
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, e'er the clouds of sorrow
 Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
 Defer not till to-morrow,
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go, seek thy great Creator,
 Learn early to be wise,
 Go, place upon his altar,
 A morning sacrifice!

194 *Early will I seek thee.* C. M.

NOW that my journey's just begun,
 My road so little trod,
 I'll come before I further run,
 And give myself to God.

2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
 I never can foretell:

But if the Lord will be my Friend,
I know that all is well.

3 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear ?

4 If I am poor, he can supply,
Who has my table spread ;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills the poor with bread.

5 If I am rich, he 'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand ;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

6 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

195 *Importance of Early Religion.* L. M.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God :
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again ;
 The soul, in agonies of pain,
 Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name ;
 Teach me to know how frail I am ;
 And when my soul must hence remove,
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

196 *Remember now thy Creator.* C. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
 In these thy youthful days ;
 He will accept thine earliest vow ;
 He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
 Seek him while he is near ;
 For evil days will come when thou
 Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
 His willing servant be ;
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
 He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God ! our hearts incline
 Thy heavenly voice to hear ;
 Let all our future days be thine,
 Devoted to thy fear.

197 *Youth the best Time to serve the Lord.* C. M.

AMIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,
 With ardent zeal pursue

The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.

2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are
And pleasures all refined ; [strewed,
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit the immortal mind.

3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord ;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.

4 He 'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit increase ;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.

5 Give him the morning of your days,
And be for ever blest ;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

198*Early seek God.***C. M.**

IF you will turn away from sin,
In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make you pure within,
And take your guilt away.

2 He 'll show you all his matchless love,
He 'll make you heirs of light,
And give you grace, that you may prove
Still faithful in his sight.

3 He 'll lead you in the pleasant way
 Of holiness and peace;
 And guide you thus to endless day,
 Where sin and sorrow cease.

4 O stay not in the road to death,
 But to the Saviour come;
 And, when you lose life's fleeting breath,
 He 'll send and take you home.

199 *Child coming to Jesus.* 8s, & 7s.

SUFFER me to come to Jesus;
 Mother dear, forbid me not;
 By his blood from hell he frees us,
 Makes us fair without a spot.

2 Suffer me, my earthly father,
 At his pierced feet to fall;
 Why forbid me? help me rather;
 Jesus is my all in all.

3 Suffer me to run unto him;
 Gentle sisters, come with me;
 Oh! that all I love but knew him,
 Then my home a heaven would be.

4 Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
 Bid me not forsake the cross:
 Hard to bear is your reviling,
 Yet for Jesus all is dross.

5 Yes, tho' all the world have chid me
 Father, mother, sister, friend,
 Jesus never will forbid me,
 Jesus loves me to the end.

6 Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder,
Carry me, a sinful lamb ;
Give me faith and make me bolder,
'Till with thee in heaven I am.

200 *Counsel to Youth.* L. M.

CHILDREN, in years and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death,
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

201 *Know the Lord.* S. M.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey ;

Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he 's near ;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
He 'll listen to thy cry ;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
Nor ever be forgiven.

202

Child's Offering.

P. M.

WHAT can an infant do
For thee, dearest Lord ?
All thy promises are true,
In thy blessed word.
I will bring my heart,
I will choose the better part,
Just and true thou art,
Sure thy reward.

2 Help me to praise thy name
While I still am young ;
Let me, Lord, thy truth proclaim
With my infant tongue
Angels from the skies
Will look down with gladsome eyes,

When thy praises rise,
By infants sung.

3 Keep us in peace and joy
Through all childhood's days;
Let each little girl and boy
Travel in thy ways.
So shall we be free
From the thorns of misery;
Heaven our home shall be,
Thine all the praise.

203 *Early Consecration.* C. M.

IN the bright morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;

O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

204

Youthful Piety.

L. M.

WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

- 2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.
- 3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.
- 4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.
- 5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

205

A Child-like Spirit.

7s.

ORD, renew my sinful heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:

From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,

Let me as thy child receive,

What to-morrow may betide

Calmly to thy wisdom leave.

'Tis enough that I shall share

In my heavenly Father's care.

3 As a little child relies

On a care beyond his own,

Knows he's neither strong nor wise,

Fears to stir one step alone;

Let me thus with thee abide

As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

206 *Christ's Love to the Young.* C. M.

WHEN the Redeemer left his throne,

And dwelt with men below,

It was his glorious work to bless,

And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claimed his aid,

Nor asked relief in vain;

When parents sought his gracious help,

He blessed their infant train.

3 And now, though Jesus reigns above,

He makes the young his care;

And helpless children still he owns,

And they his goodness share.

4 Now we are taught to read thy word

Which makes the foolish wise;

O may we know a Saviour's name,
And learn his worth to prize.

207 *Christ's Love to Children.* C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 O let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

208 *Christ's Love to Children.* L. M.

WHENE'ER a child is meek and mild,
The Saviour loves that little child.
Then help me, Lord, each day to be
All that thine eye delights to see.

2 O cleanse my infant heart from sin,
And make it good and pure within,
And fit me for my home on high,
My happy home beyond the sky.

209 *An Infant's Prayer.* L. M.

JESUS, kind Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep !
Guard me this day from every ill,
And with thy grace my spirit fill.

2 Teach me to love thee, O my Lord ;
 Help me to read thy holy word,
 May the first sounds my lips can raise
 Be sounds of joy, and prayer, and praise.

210 *Early Piety.* C. M.

JESUS, who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's law.

2 At twelve years old he talked with men,
 (His parents wondering stand)
 Yet he obeyed his mother then,
 And came at her command.

3 Children their loud hosannas sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name ;
 They gave him honour with their tongue,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.

4 Samuel the child was weaned and brought
 To wait upon the Lord ;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.

5 Then why should I so long delay
 What others learned so young ?
 Let me not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

211 *Invitation to the Young. 11s, & 10s.*

COME, youthful sinners, come, hasten to
 the Saviour ; [side ;
 • Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his

Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favour,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come to his temple-gate, come in life's
morning, [youth;
Give up your souls to the Guide of your
How fair is grace the young bosom adorn-
ing,
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth ?

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy ?
Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from
God ? [folly;
Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of
Earth has no comfort, not found in his
blood.

4 Has he not died for you ? look to the gar-
den;
There see the tokens of sorrow and love,
Lives he not now for you ? Jesus the
Saviour
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

212 “*Suffer little Children to come.*” C. M.
YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same,
Before his mercy-seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“Forbid them not,” the Saviour said,
And so he says of me.

3 Though now he is not here below,
We know his holy will;
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

4 Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled;
O then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.

5 For as so many years ago,
Children his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

6 Then while this favour to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus, on my head.

213 *Suffer them to come.* 7s.

SAVIOUR, may a little child
Through thy grace be reconciled,
Who can feel indeed within
Much of evil, much of sin?

2 Yes, thou saidst, and that's my plea,
"Suffer such to come to me;
Turn no little child away,
Heaven is filled with such as they."

3 Saviour! to thine arms I fly,
Ere my childhood passes by;
In thy fear my years be past,
Whether first, or midst, or last.

214*Child's Supplication.*

C. M.

LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
 And then accept my prayer:
 Thou canst hear all the words I say,
 For thou art everywhere.

2 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
 And when I sin, forgive;
 And make it still my chief delight
 To serve thee while I live.

3 Whatever trouble I am in,
 To thee for help I'll call;
 But keep me more than all from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.

215*Prayer to God.*

7s.

LORD, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 Hands and heart I lift to thee;
 Let my prayer accepted rise,
 Weak, imperfect though it be.

2 Teach me, Lord, thy name to know,
 Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;
 May I do thy will below,
 As thy will is done above.

3 When I lay me down at night,
 O'er me watch, and near me stay,
 And when morning brings the light,
 May I wake to praise and pray.

216*God giveth Grace to the humble.*

7s.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,

I shall as my Saviour be,
Clothed with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy care and love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined;
Him let every saint adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

217 *Child's Prayer.* L. M.

GOD is so good that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

2 His own most holy book declares,
He loves good little children still;
And that he answers all their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

3 He will not scorn an infant tongue,
That thanks him for his mercies given;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs ascend to heaven.

4 Come, then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your Friend and Guide,

Your little voices will be heard,
And you shall never be denied.

218*Remember me.*

C. M.

SOON as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to thee,
O let my heart thy favour seek;
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 In all life's following years, my tongue
Tuned to thy praise shall be;
And this the expressive humble song,
Dear Lord, remember me.

3 From every sin that wounds the heart,
May I be taught to flee;
O bid them all from me depart;
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 When, with life's heavy load opprest,
I bend the trembling knee;
Then give my suffering spirit rest,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 O let me, on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see;
And cry, with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

219*Child's Prayer.*

L. M.

CHILDREN as young and weak as I,
Did Jesus love, when here below;
And on his Father's throne on high,
O with what love he loves them now!

2 Though I am young, yet I have sinned,
Forgotten God, transgressed his laws ;
And holy angels could not gain
Pardon for me, nor plead my cause.

3 To Jesus then I 'll meekly go ;
My penitence these tears will prove ;
And he who wept for human woe,
Will take me to his arms of love.

4 Then will I sing, while life shall last,
Glory to God for pardoning love ;
And when the hour of death is past,
Join in immortal praise above.

220 *Prayer for a Child.* C. M.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace to me impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

2 A sinful creature I was born.
And from my birth have strayed ;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he 'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek his face,
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with him above.

221 *The Orphan's Prayer.* C. M.

MY Father and my Friend, to thee
 I lift my weeping eye,
 For thou canst wash away my tears,
 And all my wants supply.

2 No tender mother's gentle smile
 Each morn awaits me now ;
 Nor longer can I feel the kiss
 That prest my infant brow.

3 No more within her arms of love
 I lay me down to rest,
 Secure and peaceful as the dove
 Within its sheltered nest.

4 An orphan in the cold, wide world,
 Dear Lord, I come to thee,
 Thou, Father of the fatherless,
 My Friend and Father be.

5 O guide and guard me by thy grace,
 And make my heart thy own ;
 And fit me for that happy place
 Where partings are unknown.

222 *The Orphan's Prayer.* 7s.

WHEN my cries ascend to thee,
 Hear, Jehovah, from afar ;

Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer.

2 When thou bad'st me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,
"Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high!"

3 Should the world deceitful prove,
When no more its help I share;
Though decayed a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care;—

4 Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend,
Shall a parent's place supply,
He my Guardian, Father, Friend!

223 *The Orphan's Prayer.* 7s.

WHITHER, but to thee, O Lord!
Shall a little orphan go?
Thou alone canst speak the word,
Thou canst dry my tears of woe.
Father! may my lips once more
Whisper that beloved name?
Helpless, guilty, friendless, poor,
Let me thy protection claim.

2 O my Father! may I tell
All my wants and woes to thee?
Every want thou knowest well,
Every woe thine eye can see.
"Twas thy hand that took away
Father, mother, from my sight;

Him, that was my infant stay,
Her, that watched me day and night.

3 Yet I bless thee, for I know
Thou hast wounded me in love ;
Weaned my heart from things below,
That it might aspire above.
Here I tarry for a while ;
Saviour ! keep me near thy side ;
Cheer my journey with thy smile ;
Be my Father, Friend, and Guide.

224 *The Orphan's Hope.* C. P. M.

O THOU the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone my eyes look up,
In each distressing hour ;
Father (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,)
Defend me with thy power.

2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine to mark my woe ;
No hand to ~~wipe~~ away my tears,
No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
Remains to me below.

3 Now all my earthly friends are gone,
And with them all my comforts flown,
I lift my prayer to thee ;
Do thou the Holy Spirit send,
My Guardian, Guide, Instructer, Friend,
And Comforter to be.

4 Protect and lead my erring youth
 In paths of piety and truth,
 Nor ever let me stray ;
 But through the Saviour's dying love,
 Bring me to dwell with thee above,
 In everlasting day.

225 *Youthful Praise.* C. M.

HOW glorious is our Heavenly King
 Who reigns above the sky !
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty ?

2 How great his power is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace ;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.

3 Nor angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search his secret will ;
 But they perform his heavenly word,
 And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first offerings bring ;
 The eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

226 *Youthful Praise.* L. M.

JESUS, that condescending King,
 Is pleased to hear when children sing ;
 And while our feeble voices rise
 Will not the humble prayer despise.

2 Then keep us, Lord, from every sin
 Which we can see and feel within ;

And what we neither feel nor see,
Forgive, for all is known to thee.

- 3 We own there's nothing good in us,
To tempt thee to befriend us thus ;
We cannot think a single thought,
Nor even thank thee as we ought.
- 4 Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou camest down to die ;
And this is all the plea we make —
“O save us for thy mercy's sake !”

227*Youthful Praise.*

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God ! while heaven and
Thy power and skill proclaim, [earth
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honours of thy name ?

- 2 The early dawn of opening life
Has proved thy guardian care,
And may I, through all future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.
- 3 Now may I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide ;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

228*Hymn for a Child.*

7s.

JESUS bids me seek his face ;
Lord, I come to ask thy grace ;
Send thy Spirit from above,
Teach me to obey and love :

Unto thee I fain would go,
All I want thou canst bestow.

2 Thou wilt e'en a child receive ;
Thou wilt all my sins forgive :
O dissolve this heart of stone,
Make me thine, and thine alone ;
Sin is present with me still,
Disobedient is my will.

3 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail :
O my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul ;
Kindly guard me every day,
Be my everlasting stay.

229 *Seeking the Saviour's Guidance. 8, 7, & 4.*

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care ;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will ;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

230 *Youthful Praises.* C. M.

SINCE Jesus loves to hear his praise
 Arise from infant tongues,
 Let us not waste our youthful days
 In vain and foolish songs.

2 Too soon we cannot serve the Lord,
 Nor love his name too dear ;
 Nor prize too much his precious word,
 Nor learn too soon his fear.
 3 To us, O Lord, thy grace impart,
 And every song shall be
 The tribute of a faithful heart,
 A song of praise to thee.

231 *Youthful Praise.* 11s.

OUR Father in heaven, thou madest the
 earth ;
 The sun and the stars to thy word owe
 their birth ; [they stand,
 By thee were they formed, by thy counsel
 And we are thy children, the work of thy
 hand.

2 Thou gavest our life ; to thy goodness we
 owe [pathway below ;
All the blessings that bloom round our
In thousand endearments thy love we may
 read,
Declaring that thou art our Father indeed.

3 But, ah ! we have wandered, as sheep
 from thy fold, [grown cold :
And hearts of thy children thro' sin have
Tho' young we have erred, and would
 humbly implore [more.
The mercy we need, that we wander no

4 We own we are guilty, but Jesus has died ;
And shall we, when pleading his name, be
 denied ? [wilt heed,
Ah no ! thou hast promised that plea thou
And thro' thy free grace make us children
 indeed.

5 Yet awhile 'tis thy will that on earth we
 remain,
Exposed to dark trial, temptation and pain ;
Yet here but as pilgrims and strangers we
 roam, [our home.
For if thou art our Father, then heaven is

6 Yes, there shall we gather around the glad
 throne, [their own,
With angels, and wearing robes bright as

Where the praise of thy children shall rise
without rest,
To Father, Son, Spirit—one God ever blest.

232 *Early Instruction.* C. M.

HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east and west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

233 *Folly of Neglect.* C. M.

O'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by !
For now is the accepted time ;
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind ;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
 Until their dying day;
 Then, they would give a world of gold,
 To have an hour to pray.

4 O then lest we should perish thus,
 Let us no longer wait;
 For time will soon be past with us,
 And death must fix our state.

234 *Piety contrasted with Sin.* C. M.

WHY should we spend our youthful
 In folly and in sin, [days
 When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
 And bids us walk therein?

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
 They glitter and are past;
 They yield us but a moment's joy,
 And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
 Our joys shall never cease;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we, in our youthful days,
 Attend to wisdom's voice;
 And make these holy, happy ways,
 Our own delightful choice!

235 *Allurements of Sin.* 7s.

MANY voices seem to say,
 "Hither children -here's the way;

Haste along, and nothing fear ;
Every pleasant thing is here !”

2 Yes—but whither would ye lead ?
Is it happiness indeed ?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and woe ?

3 We were made for better things ;
High as heaven our nature springs ;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here ;
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.

5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile :
Thinking, as we labour thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

6 So, a pleasant path we 'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led ;
Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
Ours is happiness indeed !

236

Conscience.

7s.

WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, “ It is sin,”
And entreats us to beware.

2 If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,

Conscience says, "Your fault confess ;
Do not dare to tell a lie."

- 3 In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child consider," Conscience cries :
"Should not God be sought to-day?"
- 4 When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill ;
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries ;
"And command your temper still."
- 5 Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.
- 6 But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

237*Little Sins.*

S. M.

OUR evil actions spring
From small and hidden seeds ;
At first, we think some wicked thing,
Then practise wicked deeds.

- 2 O for a holy fear
Of every evil way,
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray.
- 3 Wherever it begins,
It ends in death and woe ;

And he who suffers little sins,
A sinner's doom shall know.

238*Grace in Youth.*

L. M.

LORD, I am young, thy help I need,
For various foes beset my way;
Be thou to me a friend indeed,
Nor let me from thy precepts stray.

2 My youthful heart with grace inspire,
To thee my every power incline;
And may the pure, celestial fire,
Within my bosom ever shine.

3 O let the morning of my days
To thee and thee alone be given;
Increase my love, approve my ways,
And guide me safely into heaven.

239*Happiness in Piety.*

C. P. M.

HAPPY beyond description, he
Who in the paths of piety,
Loves from his birth to run!
Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign,
With just and holy scorn;
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And with the promised land in view,
Singing to God return.

240*Happy Children.*

C. M.

HAPPY the children who betimes
 Have learned to know the Lord ;
 Who, through his grace, escape the crimes
 Forbidden in his word.

2 Should they be early hence removed,
 He will their souls receive ;
 For they whom Jesus here hath loved,
 With him shall ever live.

241*Birth-day.*

7s.

HEAVENLY Father, look on me,
 Now my birth-day's come once more ;
 Listen while I pray to thee ;
 Thee with all my powers adore.

2 Once I was an infant weak,
 Sleeping on my mother's knee ;
 Then I could not walk or speak,
 Yet thou didst take care of me.

3 Now I run about and talk ;
 Now I learn to read my book ;
 Through the fields I now can walk,
 On the pretty flowers can look.

4 Bless me now I am a child,
 Bless this birth-day, Lord, to me ;
 Make me good, and wise, and mild,
 Make me all that I should be.

242*Youth's Protector.*

8s, & 7s.

BEST, beyond all earthly blessing,
 Is the child whose tender youth,

In the Lord a Guide possessing,
Walks in paths of light and truth.

2 He will govern those who love him :
Those who walk in faith and fear,
In all danger still shall prove him
Gracious, kind, and ever near.

3 Heavenly Father, let us prove thee
An all-wise, protecting Friend !
Make us fear thee, make us love thee,
Constant, to our latest end !

243

Lying.

C. M.

THOSE children who a promise give
Should always keep their word ;
And falsehood from their little mouths
Should never once be heard.

2 For when a child a lie has told,
He cannot be believed ;
Not even when the truth he speaks,
Because he once deceived.

3 O who a lie would dare to tell,
And bring himself to shame ;
And thus offend the God of truth,
And mock his holy name !

244

Against Lying.

8s.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

2 But liars we can never trust, [true;
 Though they should speak the thing that's
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How God abhors deceit and wrong?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
 When she came in, and grew so bold
 As to confirm that wicked lie,
 Which just before her husband told.

5 The Lord delights in them that speak
 The words of truth; but every liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.

6 Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell,
 Since God a book of reckoning keeps,
 For every lie that children tell.

245 *Profane Swearing.* L. M.

A NGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God;
 And devils tremble down in hell,
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod:

2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
 And when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

3 How will they stand before thy face,
 Who treated thee with such disdain ;
 While thou shalt doom them to the place
 Of everlasting fire and pain ?

4 Then never shall one cooling drop
 To quench their burning tongues be given ;
 But I will praise thee here, and hope
 Thus to employ my tongue in heaven

5 If my companions grow profane,
 I 'll leave their friendship when I hear
 Them take thy holy name in vain,
 Lest I should learn to curse and swear.

246 *Youthful Obedience.* C. M.

O THAT it were my chief delight
 To do the things I ought !
 Then let me try with all my might
 To mind what I am taught.

2 Wherever I am told to go,
 I 'll cheerfully obey ;
 Nor will I mind it much, although
 I leave a pretty play.

3 And when I learn my hymns to say,
 And work, and read, and spell,
 I will not think about my play,
 But try and do it well.

4 For God looks down from heaven on high
 Our actions to behold ;
 And he is pleased when children try
 To do as they are told.

247*The dying Child.*

C. M.

MY heavenly Father, I confess
 That all thy ways are just;
 Although I faint with sore distress,
 And now draw near the dust.

2 How soon my little strength has fled!

My life will soon be past;
 O smile upon my dying bed,
 And love me to the last.

3 Once did the blessed Saviour cry,

“Let little children come;”
 On this kind word I would rely,
 Since I am going home.

4 O take this guilty soul of mine,

That now will soon be gone,
 And wash it clean, and make it shine
 With heavenly garments on.

5 My heavenly Father, hear my prayer,

Accept my feeble praise;
 And let me quickly meet thee where
 A nobler song I'll raise.

248*A Child's Prayer in Sickness.*

C. M.

MY Father, hear the humble prayer
 In sickness raised to thee;
 Thy word has bid me cast my care
 On him who cares for me.

2 A sinful child I know I am;

But when I suffer pain,

Thy word directs me to the Lamb,
Who was for sinners slain.

3 O help me, Saviour, to repose
On thine own gracious word ;
“All things shall work for good to those
Who fear and love the Lord.”

4 If thou shouldst life and health renew,
And strength to me restore ;
With richer grace my soul endue,
To serve thee evermore.

DUTY TO CHILDREN.

249*Children given to Christ.*

C. M.

BEHOLD, what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays !
To little children he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given ;
Our infants in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls ;
Nor dare his claim deny ;
While his own word to us declares
That such may heaven enjoy.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
 We give them up to thee ;
 Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
 Thine may they ever be.

250 *Children commended to Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share ;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm :
 There, we know,—thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving, [way.
 Keep them through life's dangerous

4 Then within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place ;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

251 *Prayer for Sanctification of Children.* S. M.

OGOD of Abraham, hear
 The parents' humble cry ;
 In covenant mercy now appear,
 While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love
 In mercy thou hast given,

That we through grace may faithful prove,
In training them for heaven.

3 O grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify ;
Remember now thy gracious word ;
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh ;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee ;
O lead them by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

252 *Prayer for the Children of the Church.* L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear ;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be ;
Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
 The wanderers to thy fold restore.

253 *Prayer for Children.* L. M.

O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
 We bring these children to thy throne;
 Give them with thee a heavenly place,
 Let them be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from them each stain of guilt,
 And let them all be sanctified;
 Lord, thou canst cleanse them if thou wilt,
 And all their native evils hide.

3 We ask not for them earthly bliss,
 Or earthly honours, wealth or fame;
 The sum of our desires is this,
 That they may love and fear thy name.

254 *Prayer for baptized Children.* L. M.

GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
 Young children in thine arms to
 embrace,
 Still prove thyself the infants' friend,
 Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.

2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
 Be thou their Guardian and their Guide,
 That they, directed by thy truth,
 May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To love thy word their hearts incline,
 To understand it, light impart;

O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

255 *Children devoted to God.* C. M.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abraham believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

SABBATH AND OTHER SCHOOLS.

256 *Teachers' Objects.* C. M.

ATTRACTED by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun, [course,
Though different spheres may mark our
Our centre is but one.

2 As teachers of the young we meet,
 Our object is the same ;
 To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
 And praise his glorious name.

3 We meet to strengthen and unite
 Our hearts in this employ ;
 O may our work be our delight,
 A crown of future joy.

4 May union, zeal, and wisdom join,
 To make our meetings blest ;
 And mutual love to God and man,
 Be constantly possessed.

257 *The Teacher's Responsibility.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

258 *Teachers' Responsibility.* S. M.

HOW serious is the charge,
To train the infant mind!
'Tis God alone must give the heart
To such a work inclined.

- 2 May we in Christian bonds
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.
- 3 While wicked men unite
Our youth to lead aside;
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.
- 4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless,
We gladly join our heart and hands
And look for large success.

259 *Teaching a delightful Work.* C. M.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way,
To guide untutored youth,

And lead the mind that went astray.
To virtue and to truth.

4 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

5 Almighty God, thy influence shed
To aid this good design :
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

260 *Teachers' Meeting.* L. M.

HERE, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we
Joined by the cord of mutual love, [meet,
Bound to our common Friend above.

2 Our hearts thy throne of grace address ;
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appeared a child of lowly birth.

3 Bless all the plans which we devise,
May they be useful, good, and wise ;
While we our humble labours bend
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

4 May wisdom, zeal, and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire ;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.

5 Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
 Now while we meet before thy face ;
 And may we feel, ere we depart,
 Thy love diffused through every heart.

261*Teachers' Meeting.*

L. M.

ETERNAL Being, Source of love,
 Permit us to approach thy seat ;
 We have an Advocate above,
 And plead his merits at thy feet.

2 Us thou hast called to labour here,
 To train the rising race for heaven ;
 O may we do it in thy fear,
 And use the talents thou hast given.

3 What can we do without thine aid ?
 Therefore to thee for help we fly ;
 O may we never be dismayed,
 For thou canst every want supply.

4 In some thy love a work has wrought,
 Which time we trust will not efface ;
 May all their tender minds be brought
 To taste the riches of thy grace !

5 Lord, we will pray and labour still,
 And sow the seed with heart sincere ;
 And if it be thy heavenly will,
 Soon may more pleasing fruits appear.

262*Divine Aid sought.*

L. M.

REAT God, our feeble efforts own,
 And crown our labours with success ;

Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.

- 2 Thy mercy to our pupils show,
And let their souls before thee live;
For we may plant and water too,
But thou alone canst increase give.
- 3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe thy ways;
Lead them to choose the better part,
And serve thee in their youthful days.
- 4 Then we and they, when time shall end,
With joy shall meet thee in the sky;
Before thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise thee through eternity.

263 *A Blessing sought.* L. M.

MAY we who teach the rising race,
Be filled, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

- 2 Thy grace to those we teach impart,
O Lord, renew each youthful heart;
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.
- 3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found;
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labour's not in vain.
- 4 When at thine awful bar they stand,
O welcome them to thy right hand,

To join with us the heavenly lays,
And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

264 *Sabbath-school Teachers' Prayer.* C. M.

TEACHER divine, we bow the knee,
 Submissive, at thy throne ;
Our fervent cry we raise to thee ;
 Ah ! leave us not alone.

- 2 In vain we teach, unless thy grace
 Instruct each tender heart ;
Then deign to hear, hide not thy face,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.
- 3 Without thee we can nothing do,
 But further from thee stray ;
O change our hearts, our minds renew,
 And teach us how to pray.
- 4 And may the sacred tie of love
 Bind us together here ;
A foretaste give of joys above,
 Life's pilgrimage to cheer.
- 5 Thus while on earth, we would adore ;
 When death shall close our eyes,
May teachers, children, meet once more,
 Transplanted to the skies.

265 *Prayer for Youth.* C. M.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

266 *Prayer for Youth.* L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou knowest their
names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure,
Beneath the shadow of a Rock
Let them find drink and pasture sure.

267 *Teacher's Prayer.* S. M.

CONTROL my every thought,
And all my sin remove;
Let every work in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O bless me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my faith and zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

3 O may I love like thee,
In all thy footsteps tread;

Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nought which thou hast made.

4 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove ;
And hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

268 *Prayer for Youth.* S. M.

GREAT God, with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray ;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow.

3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care ;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ ;
There let them daily find the road,
Which leads to endless joy.

269 *Gratitude for Success.* C. M.

HOW should our souls delight to bless
 The God of truth and grace,
 Who crowns our labours with success
 Among the rising race.

- 2 Numbers of those who buried lay
 In darkest shades of night,
 Emerging thence, behold a day
 Of glorious gospel light.
- 3 Their joyful tongues, employed to praise
 God's all-redeeming love,
 To him their sweet hosannas raise,
 While they his mercies prove.
- 4 God's word is made their rule and guide,
 They own their guilt and shame ;
 And glory in Christ crucified,
 And magnify his name.
- 5 Not unto us, not unto us,
 Be praise and glory given,
 But unto him who bore the curse,
 The Lord of earth and heaven.
- 6 To him we all this tribute owe,
 Who fills a gracious throne ;
 Since all the good that's done below,
 Is done by him alone.

270 *The Teacher in view of Death.* 8s.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;

1 Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power:

3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 Then that happy era begins
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

271 *Away to Sabbath-school.* P. M.

THE morning sky is bright and clear;
Away to Sabbath-school;
Let each one in the class appear;
Away to Sabbath-school;
Tis there we learn his holy word,
And find the road that leads to God.
Away, away, away, away,
Away to Sabbath-school.

2 In season let us all be there;
Away to Sabbath-school;

That we may join the opening prayer ;
 Away to Sabbath-school ;
 There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
 And praise the Lord for blessings given.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sabbath-school.

3 Let us remember, while at prayer,
 When at the Sabbath-school,
 Our teachers' kindness, and their care,
 Towards our Sabbath-school.
 We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
 And every rule and order mind,
 When we're at school, at Sabbath-
 When we're at Sabbath-school. [school,

4 When each at night shall go to prayer,
 We'll ask our God above
 To extend o'er teachers his kind care,
 And crown them with his love.
 And when on earth our time is sped,
 And we are numbered with the dead,
 If faithful, we shall meet above ;
 We all shall meet above.

272 *The Sabbath-school.* 7s, 6s, 8s.

THE Sabbath morn is breaking,
 The Sabbath bells are waking,
 Our homes with joy forsaking,
 To join the Sabbath-school. [school.
 Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sabbath-

2 How joyful is the meeting,
 Each other kindly greeting,

Sweet hymns of praise repeating,
While in the Sabbath-school.

Shout, shout, &c.

3 'Tis here we join in singing
The songs of love redeeming,
Our little offerings bringing,
Hosannas to our King.

Shout, shout, &c.

4 Our teachers we'll remember ;
Ten thousand thanks we render
For thoughts of us so tender,
While in the Sabbath-school.

Shout, shout, &c.

5 But ah ! life's sunny morning,
With all its sweets adorning,
Like early blossoms falling,
Will soon have passed away.

Shout, shout, &c.

6 Then may we all remember
To strive our hearts to render,
While now so young and tender,
To Christ, our heavenly King.

Shout, shout, &c.

273 *The Sabbath-school preferred.* C. M.

FOR worldly honour, I'd not waste
Of life my little span ;
For better is the love of God,
Than highest praise of man.

2 I would not live to gather gold,
 Which misers round them hoard ;
 For he who trusts in riches here,
 Can never please the Lord.

3 But I would in the Sabbath-school,
 A faithful scholar be ;
 And for my own and others' souls
 Would wear my life away.

4 Let others see in all I do,
 That 'tis my constant aim,
 That they and all should love the Lord,
 And fear his sacred name.

274*Opening School.*

H. M.

COME, let our voices join
 In joyful songs of praise ;
 To God, the God of love,
 Our thankful hearts we 'll raise ;
 To God alone all praise belongs,
 Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Now we are taught to read
 The book of life divine,
 Where our Redeemer's love
 And brightest glories shine :
 To God alone all praise is due,
 Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallowed walls
 Our wandering feet are brought,
 Where prayer and praise ascend,
 And heavenly truths are taught :

To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
 Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
 Thy sacred name here bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
 We'll raise throughout eternity.

275 *Opening School.* C. M.

FAATHER, with one accord we stand,
 To bring thee of thine own;
And train a bright immortal band
 To worship round thy throne.

2 Accept, Almighty Parent, these,
 The children thou hast given;
And in thy sovereign favour make
 These loved ones heirs of heaven.

3 There, ranked among the shining host,
 May all before thee meet:
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Our labours there complete.

276 *Reflections in School.* 7s

IN this happy school we meet,
 How much longer none can tell;
Some perhaps, to-day we greet,
 Who must bid us soon farewell.

2 Blessed Saviour, full of love,
 Take these dear ones in thy care;

Gently draw their hearts above,
Let them in thy kindness share.

3 Spared by thee till now we live ;
Still thy mercy we implore ;
Unto thee our hearts we give ;
Keep us, save us, ever more.

277 *The assembled School.* L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

278 *Privileges of the Schools.* L. M.

LET us unite to bless the Lord,
That we are taught to read his word,
To walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
And seek his grace and sing his praise.

2 While wicked boys and girls we meet,
Breaking the Sabbath in the street,
Misspending all that holy day,
In foolish talk and idle play ;

3 We to thy sacred house of prayer,
 With gratitude would oft repair,
 To adore thy name, to seek thy face,
 And hear thy messages of grace.

4 The truth thy gospel, Lord, imparts,
 Apply with power to all our hearts ;
 Whilst thou art calling, may we hear,
 And worship thee with holy fear.

279*The happy School.*

S. M.

WITHIN these walls be peace ;
 Love through our borders found ;
 In all our little palaces,
 Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things ;
 Here, though the proud despise,
 The children of the King of kings
 Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught,
 From glory be cast down ;
 But all through faith and patience brought
 To an immortal crown.

280*Reverence for Teachers.*

C. M.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers say ;
 With reverence meet their parents' word,
 And with delight obey.

2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
 Are threatened by the Lord,

To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?

3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

281 *Youth's Tribute.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King,
Who rul'st the worlds above,
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we'll pay ;
And, ere the night has closed our eyes,
We'll thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given,
That young ones, such as we, may find
A certain path to heaven.

4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand
To guide our erring youth ;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

282 *Death of a Scholar.* C. M.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side ;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

2 Not long ago he filled his place,
 And sat with us to learn,
 But he has run his mortal race,
 And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
 Our days may fly as fast;
 O Lord, impress the solemn thought
 That this may be our last.

4 We cannot tell who next may fall
 Beneath thy chastening rod;
 One must be first,—but let us all
 Prepare to meet our God.

283*Death of a Scholar.*

L. M.

A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
 Tell us that one we loved to meet
 Will join our youthful throng no more,
 Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2 No more that voice we loved to hear
 Shall fill his teacher's listening ear;
 No more its tones shall join to swell
 The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
 And sprightly form, must buried lie;
 Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
 The rayless night that fills the tomb.

4 And we live on, but none can say
 How near, or distant is the day,
 When death's unwelcome hand shall come
 To lay us in our narrow home.

5 God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

284 *Reflection on leaving School.* C. M.

AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do?

3 O surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing, if I live.

285 *Closing School.* 7s.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy, and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain:

May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given ;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

286*Closing School.*

L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise ;
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Teachers, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

287*Closing School.*

L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

288*Closing School.*

L. M.

FATHER, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend ;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our first, and last, and only Friend.

2 Since every day and hour that's gone
 Has been with mercy richly crowned;
 Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
 For ever sure, as time rolls round.

3 Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,
 And bind our hearts in love alone;
 Though we may meet on earth no more,
 May we at last surround thy throne.

289 *Dismission.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

290 *Sabbath-school Celebration. 7s, & 6s.*

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

- 2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers
Who labour for our good,
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.
- 3 And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

291*The Anniversary.*

C. M.

LORD, we are spared again to meet
 On this rejoicing day ;
 To bow before thy mercy-seat,
 To praise thee, and to pray.

2 Many, since last we gathered here,
 Have passed away like flowers ;
 Perhaps, before another year,
 Their dwelling may be ours !

3 To Jesus every eye we raise,
 On him for mercy rest ;
 Young children, in his mortal days,
 He folded to his breast.

4 Young children, at his Father's side,
 He still with pity views,
 And, pleading that for such he died,
 Their sinful hearts renews.

5 Lord, to thine open arms we fly,
 And seek our safety there ;
 Then shall we have no fear to die,
 If thou our hearts prepare.

292*The Anniversary.*

7s, & 6s.

WE bring no glittering treasures,
 No gems from earth's deep mine,
 We come with simple measures,
 To chant thy love divine.
 Children, thy favours sharing,
 Their voice of thanks would raise ;

Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth ;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary ;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Saviour, bestow thy blessing ;
O teach us how to pray ;
That each thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way ;
Then where the pure are dwelling,
We 'll hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
We 'll join to praise thy name.

293

The Anniversary.

8s, & 7s.

WE have met in peace together,
In this house of God again :
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain :
Here to breathe our adoration,
While the balmy breeze of spring,
Like the Spirit of salvation,
Comes with gladness on its wing,

2 And, while nature glows with beauty,
While the fields are rich in flowers,

Shall our hearts neglect their duty,
 Shall our souls abuse their powers ?
 Shall not all our hopes ascending,
 Point us to a home above,
 Where, in glory never ending,
 He who made us smiles in love ?

3 There no autumn-tempests gather ;
 There no friends lament the dead ;
 And on fields that never wither,
 Fadeless rays of light are shed :
 There with bright immortal roses,
 Angels wreath their harps of gold,
 And each ransomed soul reposes
 'Midst a scene of bliss untold.

4 We have met, and time is flying,
 We shall part—and still his wing,
 Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
 Will the changeful seasons bring ;
 Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
 In our fresh and early years,
 Turn to Him, whose smile is brightest,
 And whose grace will calm our fears.

294 *Sabbath-school Anniversary.* L. M.

FROM year to year in love we meet ;
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The thrilling joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away ;

Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number marked to fall :
Be young and old prepared alike ;
The warning is to each, to all.

4 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew ;
Send teachers, children, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

295. *Anniversary Hymn.* C. M.

LORD, to our little round of years,
Another thou hast given ;
And still thy constant kindness cheers
And blesses us, from heaven.

2 Through ceaseless mercies, let us trace
Our Father's guardian care ;
And pour our infant hearts in praise,
And breathe their wants in prayer.

3 In prayer,—for grace to guide our will,
And teach us from above :
In praise,—for thou art waiting still
To bless us with thy love.

4 Jesus, thy voice may we discern,
Thy gracious call obey ;
And early choose, and grateful learn
The Life—the Truth—the Way—

THE SABBATH.

296 *How sweet is the Sabbath.* 11s.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest; [best;
The day of the week which I surely love
The morning my Saviour arose from the
tomb, [gloom.

And took from the grave all its terror and

2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,

And not spend a minute in trifling or play;
Remembering these seasons were graciously given, [heaven.

To teach me to seek, and prepare me for

3 In the house of my God, in his presence
and fear, [sincere;

When I worship to-day, may it all be
In the school when I learn, may I do it
with care, [me there.

And be grateful to those who watch over

4 Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though
I be,

I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy
ways, [thee the praise.

I would love thee, and serve thee, and give

297*The Day of Rest.*

7s.

SAFELY through another week,
 God hath brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On this holy Sabbath day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
 Gracious Lord, our praise demand
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Nourished by thy bounteous hand;
 Now from worldly care set free,
 May we spend this day with thee.

3 May our thoughts to thee arise,
 May we feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear;
 And may all our Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of the joys above.

298*Christ's Resurrection.*

C. M.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead;
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
 And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The power of death and hell;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
 To pray and hear thy word ;
 And I would go with cheerful feet,
 To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heaven ;
 O may I love this blessed day
 The best of all the seven.

299 *Closing of the Sabbath.* L. M.

WE'VE passed another Sabbath day,
 And heard of Jesus and of heaven ;
 We thank thee for thy word, and pray
 That this day's sins may be forgiven.

2 Forgive our inattention, Lord,
 Our looks and thoughts that went astray ;
 Forgive our carelessness abroad,
 At home our idleness and play.

3 May all we heard and understood,
 Be well remembered through the week,
 And help to make us wise and good,
 More humble, diligent, and meek.

4 And when our lives are finished here,
 And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
 May we at thy right hand appear,
 To serve and love thee evermore.

300 *The Lord's Day.* C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son :
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise :
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

301

The day of Rest.

S. M.

SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice,
 With those who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
 Be every Sabbath given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven.

302 *The Sabbath welcomed.* S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amid the place
 Where my dear Lord has been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 Till called to rise, and soar away,
 To everlasting bliss.

303 *The Sabbath.* L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun ;

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

304 *A Bright Sabbath Morning.* 7s, & 6s.

THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow :
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded,
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded,
Before the eye of day :
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters streaming
 In crystal purity ;
 While earth with verdure teeming,
 Gives rapture to the eye.
 Let rivers of salvation,
 In larger currents flow,
 Till every tribe and nation
 Their healing virtues know.

305 *Sabbath Evening.* 6s.

THE light of Sabbath eve
 Is fading fast away ;
 What record will it leave,
 To crown the closing day ?
 Is it a Sabbath spent,
 Of fruitless time destroyed ?
 Or have these moments lent,
 Been sacredly employed ?

2 How dreadful and how drear,
 In yon dark world of pain,
 Will Sabbaths lost appear,
 That cannot come again.
 Then in that hopeless place,
 The wretched soul will say,
 “I had those hours of grace,
 But cast them all away.”

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
 O may we never dare ;
 Nor taint with thoughts of ours,
 These sacred days of prayer :
 But may our Sabbaths here
 Inspire our hearts with love ;

And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

306*Love of the Sabbath.***L. M.**

I LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home;
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.

- 2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.
- 3 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,
Which brought him from his throne above,
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,
For sinful creatures, such as I.
- 4 From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain;
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.
- 5 And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.

307*Sabbath Morning.***7s.**

ON the beams of early morn,
Now another week appears;
While the last, in distance borne,
Rests with my departed years,

Time, as speeds his flight away
Brings again the Sabbath day.

2 Grant me, Lord, a mind prepared
That may make its blessings mine ;
Such as once of old were shared
By the saints, in joys divine,
When they hailed upon their way,
The returning Sabbath day.

3 While I take my weekly place
In the house of praise and prayer ;
May the visits of thy grace
Sweetly prove thy presence there ;
Blessed, may I humbly say,
Is to me the Sabbath day.

4 And, when days and years are past,
Times and seasons known no more,
Saviour, may I share at last,
Through the blood which thou didst pour,
In a house not made of clay,
Heaven's eternal Sabbath day.

308*Sabbath Employments.***L. M.**

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and
sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :

O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

309*God's House.*

L. M.

ETERNAL Father, God of grace,
 Who dwellest in this holy place,
 Hear us, O hear us, while we pray,
 And send us not unblest away.

2 Look on us now, and bless us here;
 We fain would worship in thy fear:
 O be thy shadow round us spread,
 O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3 Not many years our feet have run,
 Yet hast thou watched them every one;
 May all our future years be bright
 With beams of heavenly love and light.

4 In life, and when we come to die,
 Be thou our Guardian ever nigh;
 And may the pang that sets us free,
 Waft every spirit home to thee.

310*Trifling in the House of God.*

L. M.

IN God's own house for me to play, [pray,
 Where Christians meet to praise and
 Is to profane his holy place,
 And mock the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
 And devils tremble at his word,

Shall I, a sinful child, proclaim
My want of reverence for his name ?

3 Shall others pray, and I appear
As if I had no God to fear ?

My eyes, my ears, my tongue, my heart,
Should all fulfil their proper part.

4 Saviour, thy Spirit's help afford,
Make me attentive to thy word,
Nor let me be neglectful found,
Where love and mercy so abound.

311 *Worshipping Assembly.* L. M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below :
Not all my pleasures nor my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

312 *The Truth applied* S. M.

I HEAR thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;

Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

2 O who can ever find
The error of his ways ?
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

3 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults ;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

4 While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour, and my God.

313 *Attending public Worship.* L. M.

WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below,
As saints and angels do above :

2 For God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways :
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.

3 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part ;
They move the lip and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with their heart.

4 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;

But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

314*Public Worship.*

C. M.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:

Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

315*Before Sermon.*

L. M.

NOW may the gospel's conquering
Be felt by all assembled here; [power
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard;
Speak in the word, and speak with power;
So shall thy glorious name be feared,
By those who never feared before.

3 O pity those who live in sin,
Avert from them the sinner's doom:
Open the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be ;
 The angels too will louder sing :
 And all ascribe the praise to thee,
 To thee, the everlasting King.

316 *Unprofitable Hearing.* C. M.

LONG have we sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;
 Yet still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word !

2 How cold and feeble is our love,
 How negligent our fear !
 How low our hope of joys above,
 How few affections there !

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Write thy salvation in each heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high :
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

317 *Acceptable Worship.* H. M.

OFOR a heart to feel
 The presence where we stand !
 Remember, as we kneel,
 That God is nigh at hand,
 And while we meet to seek him thus,
 He will be gracious e'en to us.

2 The sigh of one distrest
 By sorrow for his crimes,
 Who humbly smites his breast,
 And seeks the Lord betimes ;
 This is the voice that God attends,
 And such he chooses for his friends.

3 He knows—he knows of me,
 If I 'm his friend or foe ;
 Wherever I may be,
 He follows as I go,
 Sees every word and thought and look
 And writes them in his judgment book

4 Well may I think with dread
 On that tremendous day,
 And hang my guilty head,
 And now in earnest pray :
 In this accepted time I cry,
 "Have mercy, Lord or else I die."

318*Sanctuary Worship.*

7s.

TO thy temple I repair ;
 Lord, I love to worship there ;
 While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend ;
 Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe ;

May thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

319 *Overcoming Impediments to Worship. 8, 7.*

WHY should cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
O where Christians meet together,
Let me still be with them there.

2 If I loved my God sincerely,
If my heart approved his ways,
It would grieve my heart severely,
To be kept from prayer and praise.

3 When on earth the Saviour wandered,
Oft for me his cheek was wet;
Oft in silent prayer he pondered,
Through chill night, on Olivet.

4 Then shall cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
No! where Christians meet together,
Let me still be with them there!

320*Delights of public Worship.*

7s.

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
 E'en on earth thy temples are ;
 Here thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven, and much of thee.

- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss that softens all our woes ;
 While thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
 Here thou makest thy glories known ;
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with sacred songs of joy,
 We our happy lives employ ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.

321*Prayer for Divine Instruction.*

L. M.

COME, Jesus, heavenly Teacher, come,
 Convey thine own instructions home ;
 While men thy sacred truth impart,
 'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.

- 2 Whene'er I read or hear thy word,
 Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford :
 To me thy holy will reveal,
 Unfold the book, and loose the seal.
- 3 Call me, O call me to thy feet,
 And there transported may I sit ;

With joy thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon thy richest grace.

SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

322

Retirement.

C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care ;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

323*Social Worship.***L. M.**

WHERE two or three with sweet accord,

Obedient to their sovereign Lord,

Meet to recount his acts of grace,

And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

324*Longing for God in Retirement.***L. M.**

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no
Seek out some solitude to mourn, [more
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
"Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
 'Till every grace shall join to prove,
 That God has fixed his dwelling there.

325

Retirement.

C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
 For those who follow thee.

3 There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine,
 And—all harmonious names in one—
 My Saviour—thou art mine.

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
 A boundless, endless store! [above,
 Thy praise shall sound through realms
 When time shall be no more.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

326*Spread of the Gospel.*

S. M.

O GOD of sovereign grace,
 We bow before thy throne ;
 And plead for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
 The knowledge of thy ways ;
 And let all lands with joy record,
 The great Redeemer's praise.

327*The Gospel Banner.*

7s, & 6s.

NOW be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled ;
 And be the shout, Hosanna !
 Re-echoed through the world :
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine ?
 His arm throughout their regions,
 Shall soon resplendent shine :

Ride on, O Lord, victorious ;
 Immanuel, Prince of peace,
 Thy triumph shall be glorious ;
 Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus, King of kings ;
 Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
 Each ransomed captive sings :
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise ;
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

328 *Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.* 8,7,4.

O 'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still, and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace ;
 Blessed Jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel ;
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase !

Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

329*The Blessed Gospel.*

C. M.

BLEST are the souls who hear and
The gospel's joyful sound : [know
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

330*The promised Time is coming.*

P. M.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is
coming, [bloom ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts are all blossoming. [coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall
bloom ;
The gospel banner, wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail that glorious jubilee.

331*Effects of the Gospel.***H. M.**

MARK the soft falling snow,
And the descending rain:
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

332*Prayer for Revival.***L. M.**

OSUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Sion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our Friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

333

Salvation for the Heathen.

7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim;
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

334 *Prayer for Missionaries.* L. M.

MILLIONS there are on heathen ground
 Who never heard the gospel's sound ;
 Lord, send it forth, and let it run,
 Swift and reviving as the sun.

2 Guide thou their lips, who stand to tell
 Sinners the way that leads from hell ;
 To those who give, do thou impart
 A generous, wise, and tender heart.

3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
 That in thy grace they all may share ;
 And those who now in darkness dwell,
 Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.

335 *Prospects of the Heathen.* 8s, & 7s.

HARK !—what mean those lamentations,
 Rolling sadly through the sky ? [tions,
 'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
 Come, and help us, or we die !

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
 Christians, hear their dying cry ;
 And the love of Christ constraining,
 Join to help them, ere they die.

336 *For the Spread of the Gospel.* 7s.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
 When beneath Messiah's sway,

Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign,
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name ;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

337 *Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.* C. M.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind ;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound ?

4 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays,
 And build on sin's demolished throne,
 The temple of thy praise.

338 *Prayer for the Triumph of the Gospel.* L. M.

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power,
 Be this thy Sion's favoured hour;
 Bid the bright morning star arise,
 And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 On western wilds, and heathen plains;
 Far let the gospel's sound be known,
 And be the universe thine own.

3 Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice,
 Speak—and the nations shall rejoice;
 Scatter the shades of moral night,
 With the blest beams of heavenly light.

339 *Prayer for Revival.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.

Lord, revive us;

All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

340 *Prayer for the Heathen.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze ;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze :
Darkness brooding,
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them who sit in error,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring,
Light, to lighten all the gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,

Come, and worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.

Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
 Spread thy name from land to land :
 Lord, be with them,
 Always, till time's latest end.

341 *Prayer for the Heathen.* L. M.

O GOD, the Sovereign of the skies,
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear,
When little children raise their cries ?
 Wilt thou, O Lord, in mercy hear ?

2 Not for ourselves alone we plead ;
The means of grace to us are given ;
But there are millions still who need
To hear of Christ, the way to heaven.

3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
Where'er poor heathen souls are found ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Lord, let the gospel trumpet blow,
And all the nations learn thy fear ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

342 *Prayer for the Success of Missions.* L. M.

INDULGENT God, to thee we pray,
 Be with us on this solemn day ;

Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

- 2 Let party prejudice be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have, and are, combine
To aid this glorious work of thine.
- 3 May multitudes of souls be found
Who shall attend the gospel sound:
And let barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.
- 4 Where pagan altars now are built,
And blood of beasts or men is spilt;
There be Messiah's cross upreared,
And God, our God, alone revered.

343 *Christ the Desire of all Nations.* 8s, & 7s.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;

By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

344 *Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

ETERNAL God, Almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds un-
All things are subject to thy laws : [known,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Spread thy great name through heathen
Their idol deities dethrone ; [lands ;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

345 *Passing Time.* C. M.

SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hastening on :
Quick as the lightning from the skies
My wasting moments run.

2 Thanks, Lord, to thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth
I have been taught to seek thy face,
And know the way of truth.

3 O let thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road,
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Saviour and my God.

4 Another year of life is past,
 My heart to thee incline;
 That if the next should be my last,
 It may be wholly thine.

346*Passing Time.***C. M.**

MUCH of my doubtful life is gone,
 Nor will return again,
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

2 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern?

3 Now a new scene of life begins,
 Set out afresh for heaven;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

347*The Retrospect.***C. M.**

HOW long, sometimes, a day appears!
 And weeks how long are they!
 Months move as slow as if the years
 Would never pass away.

2 But months and years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone;

For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years, must have an
Eternity has none; [end,
'T will always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

4 Great God, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

348 *The Swiftness of Time.* L. P. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my
years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
The moments swiftly pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

349*Swiftness of Time.***L. M.**

THE moments fly—a minute's gone!

The minutes fly—an hour is run!

The day is fled—the night is here!

Thus flies a week, a month, a year.

2 A year, alas! how soon it's past;
 Who knows but this may be my last?
 A few short years, how soon they're fled,
 And we are numbered with the dead!

3 Yes; moments, minutes, days, and years,
 Pass quickly in this vale of tears;
 But from that vale God's saints ascend,
 And live in joys that never end.

350*To-day.***L. M.**

THAT awful hour will soon appear;
 Swift on the wings of time it flies;
 When all that pains or pleases here
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours
 None can resist the fatal dart: [hence,
 Continual warnings strike my sense;
 And shall they fail to reach my heart!

3 Think, O my soul, how much depends
 On the short period of to-day;
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away?

4 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine;

Nor let thy presence e'er depart;
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

351

Brevity of Life.

C. M.

OUR days, alas ! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too ;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste ;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

352 *Man's Frailty and God's Goodness.* C. M.

OUR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh :
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
 And we are clothed with love ;
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.

4 His goodness runs an endless round ;
 All glory to the Lord ;
 His mercy never knows a bound ;
 And be his name adored.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let future ages praise prolong,
 Till time and nature dies.

MORNING AND EVENING.

353*Morning Hymn.*

C. M.

'TIS God, who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And, to give light to all below,
 Sends him around the skies.

2 When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.

3 So like the sun, may I fulfil
 The business of the day ;

Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

354 *The little Child's Morning Hymn. 4s, 6s.*

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep ;
Father, I own,
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide ;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace ;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

355 *Morning.* L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;

Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice. . .

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
Each present day, thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

356*Get up Early.*

8s, & 5s.

GET up early ! Time is precious,
Waste it not in bed ;
Get up early ! while the dew-drops
O'er the fields are spread ;
Get up early ! when the red sun
First begins to rise ;
Get up early ! when the darkness
Fades from earth and skies.

2 Get up early ! It is sinful
 To be wasting time ;
 Get up early ! while the dear birds
 Sing their morning chime.
 Get up early ! while the flowers
 Blush upon the sod ;
 Get up early ! while all nature
 Blesses nature's God.

357 *Morning Mercies.* S. M.

A WAKE, my heart, awake,
 Thy gracious God to praise ;
 Who condescends such care to take,
 And lengthen out my days.

2 While some have passed the night
 In restlessness and pain ;
 I rise in health, to see the light,
 And seek the Lord again.

3 This day will many die ;
 This hour what numbers go !
 What if my soul be called to fly,
 And I that change should know ?

4 Lord, come, and be my Guide
 Through this uncertain space ;
 Keep me for ever near thy side,
 And grant a child thy grace.

358 *Morning Hymn.* L. M.

WHEN morning comes, the birds
 arise,
 And raise their voices to the skies ;

With warbling notes, and cheerful lays,
They sing their great Creator's praise.

2 Shall I from rest to labour go,
Or any work presume to do,
Before I've sought the God of heaven,
And my just morning tribute given ?

3 Come, then, my soul, awake and pray,
And praise thy Maker day by day ;
Bless him for raiment, health, and food,
And for each peaceful night's abode.

4 Let every bird's sweet morning song
Remind me, as I walk along,
Of Him whose love and guardian power
Uphold and keep me every hour.

359 *Morning Prayer for a Child.* L. M.

THE Lord hath kept me through the
night,
And brought me to the morning light ;
O may he keep me all this day,
And make me walk in his good way.

360 *The mellow Eve is gliding.* 7s, 6s.

THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west ;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close ;

May angels round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendour dawning,
The morrow's light shall break ;
O on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

361

Retiring to Rest.

C. M.

O LORD, a little child appears
Before thy blessed face,
To tell thee all its wants and fears,
And seek thy love and grace.

2 My heart is very full of sin,
There's nothing in it good ;
Give me a heart washed white and clean,
In thy most precious blood.

3 Let me within thy tender arms
Lie down and take my sleep ;
And, Lord, from dangers, fears and harms,
Thy feeble creature keep.

4 Thy gentle hand, Lord, let me feel
Upon my little head :
And bless me as I humbly kneel,
Before I go to bed.

362*Evening Hymn.*

L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done,
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed :
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

363*Evening Hymn.*

L. M.

LORD, I have passed another day,
 And come to thank thee for thy care ;
 Forgive my faults in work and play,
 And listen to my evening prayer.

- 2 Thy favour gives me daily bread,
 And friends, who all my wants supply ;

And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

3 Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve thee better than on this.

4 Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care,
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

364 *On going to Rest.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,

O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

365

Evening Hymn.

C. M.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste !

My sins how great their sum !

Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,

Let angels guard my head ;

And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,

Since thou wilt not remove ;

And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

366

Evening Song.

8s, & 7s.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb;
 May the morn, in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

367 *Evening Hymn.* 8s, & 7s.

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared
 Wearied we lie down to rest; [us,
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest.
 Saviour, thou our Guardian be,
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thine arms may we repose;
 And when life's short day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

368 *Evening Hymn.* 7s.

JESUS, underneath thy care
 Let me sweetly sink to rest,
 Hear my simple evening prayer,
 May thy little child be blest.

2 Thanks to thee for happy home,
 And for all that thou hast given;
 Make my infant heart thine own,
 Train thy little child for Heaven.

369*Evening Hymn.*

8s, & 7s.

SEE the shadows thickly stealing
 O'er the sunny brow of day!
 Hark! the bell's deep, solemn pealing
 In the air has died away.
 Come, ere sleep unnerve our vigour,
 Let us for protection pray.

2 From the robber, from the madness
 Of the all-devouring fire,

From a troubled spirit's sadness,
 From the plague's unpitying ire,
 Save us, Lord; good Lord, deliver;
 Thou whose mercies never tire.

3 Jesus, Saviour, lowly bending

At the footstool of thy might,
 Let thy love, our darkness rending,
 Robe us in thy garb of light.
 Guide us here, and then forever
 Place us on thy glory's height.

370*Morning and Evening.*

7s.

TEACH me, Lord, thy name to know;
 Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;
 May I do thy will below
 As thy will is done above.

2 When I go to rest at night,

O'er me watch and near me stay;
 And when morning brings the light,
 May I wake to praise and pray.

THE NEW YEAR.

371 *The Year crowned with Mercy.* L. M.

HOW great thy mercies, Lord, appear
To us through every passing year!
Thy word and providence combine
To prove thy favours all divine.

2 Thy goodness brought us to this place,
Where we are taught to seek thy face,
And blest each teacher with a heart
To act to us so kind a part.

3 By them our wandering feet are led
To seek the courts that Christians tread,
To hear thy messengers proclaim
Glad tidings through a Saviour's name.

4 Thy blessing, gracious Lord, impart,
To sanctify each youthful heart;
And send thy Holy Spirit down,
That we may live to thee alone.

5 Let thy rich favours now descend
On every teacher, every friend;
May we with them in heaven above
All meet to praise redeeming love.

372 *Blessings of the Year.* C. M.

WHILE through another rolling year,
The care of God we trace;

What bounties of his hand have crowned
Each moment of its space !

2 His mercy loads each passing hour
With some new mark of good ;
And gives us, as our wants return,
Our home, and clothes, and food.

3 Our lives, our health, and all we have,
Our parents and our friends,
Are all among the bounteous store
Of blessings that he sends.

4 Yet the rich treasures of his grace
Are better far than they ;
O let us from our inmost hearts
For these best blessings pray.

373

The New Year.

7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year ;
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here ;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily, the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;

Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

374 *Beginning of the Year.* L. M.

LORD, we are spared, and yet are found
In thy own house, on praying ground :
Many are gone who near us stood,
Called to thy awful bar, O God !

2 Now soon in heaven, or in hell,
We shall with thee or Satan dwell ;
Grant, Lord, that with intense desire,
We may, through Christ, to heaven aspire.

375 *The Barren Fig-Tree.* H. M.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground ;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found.

Yet doth He us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

3 When justice gave the word,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
 Cried, "Let it still alone :"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

376

Spring.

7s.

PLEASING spring again is here,
 Trees and fields in bloom appear;
Hark ! the birds, with artless lays,
 Warble their Creator's praise.

2 Lord, afford a spring to me,
Let me feel like what I see :
Ah ! my winter has been long,
Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.

3 How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns !
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again !

4 O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past :
Speak, and by thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

377 *Spring, or Return of Joy.* C. M.

AT length the wished for spring has
How altered is the scene! [come;
The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

2 I see my Saviour from on high,
Break through the clouds and shine;
No creature now more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hopes revive;
It overcomes my foes;
It makes my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

4 Dear Lord, a monument I stand,
Of what thy grace can do;
Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
Each changing season through.

378 *Summer, or the great Harvest.* L. M.

THE summer harvest spreads the field,
Mark how the whitening hills are
turned!

Behold them to the reapers yield;
The wheat is saved, the tares are burned.

2 Thus the great Judge with glory crowned,
Descends to reap the ripened earth;
Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
"Go search around the flaming world;

Haste, call my saints to rise, and take
The seats from which their foes were
hurled.

4 "Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
In flames unquenched, consume each tare ;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt, to deep despair."

379*Winter.***C. M.**

SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has stripped the verdant ground !
But spring will soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties round.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
And fruitless I remain ;
When will the gentle spring return,
The graces grow again ?

3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise,
This frozen heart remove ;
O hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy love.

380*Fall of the Leaf.***8s, 7s.**

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,
"Hear the lesson we are reading,
Mark the awful truth they tell,
Sons of Adam once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell.

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.
 What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace?
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
 Summer gives to Autumn place."

381

The Seasons.

L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
 Through all our coasts, redundant stores:
 And winters, softened by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months and weeks and days
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.



WORKS OF NATURE.

382. *The Thunder Storm and Flood.* 7s.

WHEN the dark and heavy cloud
 Lifts on high its awful form,
 And above us pealing loud
 Rolls the thunder of the storm;

2 Do not fear the lightning's flash;
 God directs it where to fall;
 Do not fear the thunder's crash,
 For your Saviour rules it all.

3 When the overwhelming flood
 Came upon a world of sin,
 Noah made an ark of wood,
 God was pleased to shut him in.

4 As the swelling waters flowed
 Over valley, tree, and hill,
 Then the ark in safety rode;
 High it rose, and higher still.

5 God to Noah granted grace,
 When all other people died;

He had sought his Maker's face,
None had called on God beside.

6 Only love and fear the Lord,
Lift your heart to him in prayer,
Rest upon your Saviour's word,
God will for his children care.

7 All who are, like Noah, his,
God will safe to glory raise,
There to dwell where Jesus is,
See his face, and sing his praise.

383*The Rainbow.***C. M.**

COME, see how fast the weather clears,
The sun is shining now;
And on the last dark cloud appears
A beauteous coloured bow.

2 'Tis God who makes the storm to cease,
The sun to shine again:
The rainbow is the sign of peace,
Between himself and men.

3 This lovely bow he stretches forth,
And bends from shore to shore;
His own fair token to the earth,
He'll bring a flood no more.

4 Just such a bow shines brightly round
The throne of God in heaven,
Which shows his mercy has no bound,
And speaks of sins forgiven.

384*The Sea Shore.*

P. M.

IN every object here I see
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee:
 Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,
 Thy love a sea immensely wide,
 Thy grace an overflowing tide.

2 In every object here I see

Something, my heart, that points to thee
 Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
 Unfruitful as the barren sand,
 Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
 And, like the tides, in constant motion.

NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

385*Fourth of July.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

GOD of every land and nation,
 On this glorious jubilee,
 Let the incense of oblation
 From each heart arise to thee.
 Save our country :
 Long preserve her liberty.

2 Let thy richest blessings ever
 Rest upon our happy land ;
 May no fierce contention sever
 The confederated band :
 In sweet union
 May we still unshaken stand.

3 May we all be safely guided,
 Saviour, by thy gracious will ;
 When life's storms shall have subsided,
 And our tongues in death are still,
 May we praise thee,
 Where immortal glories thrill.

386 *American Independence.* L. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
 Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
 Shines through the realms of light and love,
 Inspiring angels with thy praise.

- 2 Thy power we own, thy grace adore ;
 Thou deignest to visit man below ;
 And in affliction's darkest hour,
 The humble shall thy mercy know.
- 3 These western States at thy command,
 Rose from dependence and distress ;
 Prosperity now crowns the land,
 And millions join thy name to bless.
- 4 Praise is thy due, eternal King ;
 We'll speak the wonders of thy love ;
 With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
 And emulate the hosts above.
- 5 O be thou still our guardian God ;
 Preserve these States from every foe ;
 From party rage, from scenes of blood,
 From sin, and every cause of woe.
- 6 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
 Display his grace, and saving power ;

Here liberty and truth maintain,
Till empires fall to rise no more.

387 *Praise for National Blessings.* 7s.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.
- 3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.
- 4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

388 *National Praise.* 8s, & 7s.

UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us, while our songs we raise.

- 2 Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand;
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favoured land.

3 While a nation's heart is leaping,
 Mighty in its gushing joy,
 May the song of adoration
 All its grateful powers employ.

4 Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom ;
 Thine the power and glory be ;
 Thine through endless ages rolling,
 Thine throughout eternity.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

389 *Approach of Death.* C. M.

S WIFT as my fleeting days decline,
 The final hour draws nigh,
 When, from the busy scenes of time,
 I must retire and die.

2 O may this solemn thought pervade
 And penetrate my soul ;
 Govern my life through every stage,
 And all my powers control.

3 Lord, draw thy image on my heart,
 And show my sins forgiven ;
 And all that holiness impart
 Which fits the soul for heaven.

4 Then welcome the kind hour of death,
 That ends this painful strife ;
 The hand that stops this mortal breath
 Will give eternal life.

390*Death and its Results.*

L. M.

WHERE shall I be when I shall go
 From this vain world of care and
 None ever have returned to tell [woe?
 The joys of heaven, or pains of hell.

2 Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,
 Where God himself for ever is ;
 Where saints around his throne adore,
 And never sin nor suffer more.

3 And hell 's a state of endless woe,
 Where unrepenting sinners go ;
 Though none that seek the Saviour's grace
 Shall ever see that dreadful place.

4 O let me, then, at once apply
 To Him who did for sinners die ;
 And this shall be my great reward,
 To dwell for ever with the Lord.

391*Frailty of Man.*

S. M.

THE lilies of the field,
 That quickly fade away,
 May well to us a lesson yield,
 For we are frail as they.

2 Just like an early rose,
 I 've seen an infant bloom :
 But death, perhaps, before it blows,
 Will lay it in the tomb.

3 Then let us think of death,
 Though we are young and gay ;

For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

4 To God, who made them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then, whenever death may call,
They 'll be prepared to die.

392*Frailty of Man.***C. M.**

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time :
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not whom,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;

I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

393

The dread Hour.

S. M.

A DREAD and solemn hour
To us is drawing near;
When we, before the throne of God,
All present shall appear.

2 What answer shall we give,
When God himself demands
The uses of such times as these,
In judgment at our hands?

3 And must we then confess
That all was spent in vain;
The seasons that were once our own,
But cannot be again?

4 This will be woe indeed:
To regions of despair
Our own neglect will sink us down,
To mourn for ever there.

394

A Warning from the Grave.

C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know :
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
 To truths which hourly tell,
 That they who underneath thee lie
 Shall live for heaven, or hell.

395 *The tolling Bell.* L. M.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, " Am I
 Prepared, should I be called to die ? "

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
 Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
 And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I loved below,
 To God's tribunal I must go ;
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in thee :
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
 If saved from guilt, I need not fear ;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 " Perhaps it next may toll for me."

396 *Darkness of the Tomb scattered by Christ.* 7s.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

397*Peaceful Death.*

S. M.

FOR the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,

Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord :
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

398 *A Saint prepared to die.* C. M.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord ;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of his Son.

399 *Sleeping in Jesus.* L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet !
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus ! O for me . . .
 May such a blissful refuge be ;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But there is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

400 *Death of the Young.* L. M.

THREE is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are called by death to hear their doom.

2 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;
 There 's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offered to the dead.

3 Just as a tree cut down, that fell .
 To north or southward, there it lies ;
 So man departs to heaven or hell,
 Fixed in the state wherein he dies.

401*Triumph over Death.*

C. M.

O FOR an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful powers !

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted victory, grave,
 And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure ;
 Death has no sting beside ;
 The law gives sin its damning power ;
 But Christ my Ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ our living Head.

402*Hope in Sickness.*

C. M.

TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
 Behold him, and adore ;
 Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.

3 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
 The trumpet's quickening sound ;

And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the blest above,
In Jesus' presence, know.

403 *Triumph over Death.* C. M.

WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight;
My courage dies away.

2 O for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave;
To see that Friend, and call him mine
Whose arm is strong to save.

3 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust:

4 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

404 *Death of Youth.* P. C. M.

THE rose-bud yet unblown may lie
Withered across the way;
The lamb amidst the flock may die,
The grave unthought of may be nigh
To children young as they.

2 O let not one short day be past,
 Without a pardon sought;
 Many a day has proved the last,
 And suddenly their lot been cast,
 Who little feared or thought.

3 Now, Saviour, bless me; then, whene'er
 The hour of death may be,
 There shall be left no cause for fear;
 For if removed from living here,
 A heaven remains for me.

405 *Death of a Youth.* C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched
 By death's resistless hand, [away
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful power—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more,
 Behold the gaping tomb;
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 Let every heart obey;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

406*Funeral Hymn.*

C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
 My ears attend the cry;
 "Ye living men, come view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie."

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We 'll rise above the sky.

407*Funeral Dirge.*

6s, & 5s.

HARK to the solemn bell,
 Mournfully pealing!
 What do its wailings tell,
 On the ear stealing?
 Seem they not thus to say,
 Loved ones have passed away?
 Ashes with ashes lay,
 List to its pealing.

2 Earth is all vanity,
 False as 'tis fleeting;

Grief is in all its joy,
 Smiles with tears meeting ;
 Youth's brightest hopes decay,
 Pass like morn's gems away,
 Too fair on earth to stay,
 •Where all is fleeting.

3 When in their lonely bed,
 Loved ones are lying ;
 When joyful wings are spread,
 To heaven flying ;
 Would we to sin and pain,
 Call back their souls again,
 Weave round their hearts the chain
 Severed in dying ?

4 No, dearest Jesus, no ;
 To thee their Saviour,
 Let their free spirits go,
 Ransomed for ever :
 Heirs of unending joy,
 Theirs is the victory :
 Thine let the glory be,
 Now and for ever.

THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

408

The Last Judgment.

C. M.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,

I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 Prepare me, Lord, to meet that day,
Ere yet it be too late,
When I shall view these solemn scenes,
And feel their awful weight.

409

The Judge Appearing.

S. M.

1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Then let us seek His grace,
Whose wrath we cannot bear;

Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

410*The Day of Judgment.***L. M.**

HOW dreadful, Lord, will be the day,
When all the tribes of dead shall
And those who dared to disobey [rise;
Be dragged before thy piercing eyes!

- 2 The wicked child who often heard
His pious parents speak of thee,
And fled from every serious word,
Shall not be able then to flee.
- 3 Whilst they appear at thy right hand,
With saints and angels round the throne,
He, a poor guilty wretch, shall stand,
And bear thy dreadful wrath alone !
- 4 No parent, then, shall bid him pray
To Him who now the sinner hears ;
For Christ himself shall turn away,
And show no pity to his tears.
- 5 Great God, I tremble at the thought ;
And at thy feet for mercy bend ;
That when to judgment I am brought,
The Judge himself may be my friend.

411*Christ descending to Judgment. 8, 7, & 4.*

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne ;
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,

Stand and hear thy awful doom;
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
 While in anguish thus lamenting
 That he ne'er was born again:
 Greatly mourning,
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love;
 O that I had sought his favour,
 When I felt his Spirit move;
 Golden moments,
 When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder;
 Hope and sinners here must part:
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
 Lost for ever,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

412 *Apprehension of Judgment.* L. C. M.
 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
 come
 To take thy ransomed people home;
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call ?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this the accepted day ;
Thy pardoning voice, O ! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face ; [sound,
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

413 *The Second Advent.* L. M.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall
quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,

On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of all mankind.

- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified !
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us, mountains, on us fall!"
The righteous rising from the tomb
Shall sing with joy, "The Lord is come."

HEAVEN AND HELL.

414

Solemn Thoughts.

L. M.

WHERE should I be, if God should say
I must not live another day;
And send and take away my breath?
What is eternity and death?

- 2 My body is of little worth,
'Twould soon be mingled with the earth;
For we were made of clay, and must
Again, at death, return to dust.
- 3 Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,
Where God himself for ever is:
Where saints around his throne adore,
And never sin nor suffer more.

4 And hell's a state of endless woe,
 Where unrepenting sinners go ;
 But none that seek a Saviour's grace
 Shall ever see that dreadful place.

5 O let me then at once apply
 To Him who did for sinners die ;
 And this shall be my great reward,
 To dwell for ever with the Lord.

415 *Eternity.* C. M.

THE sun that lights the world shall
 The stars shall pass away ; [fade,
 And I, a child immortal made,
 Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
 Though now so bright they shine ;
 When earth and all it holds have fled,
 Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
 While God himself remains ;
 But I must live in heaven on high,
 Or where deep darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
 To Christ, O let me flee ;
 If pain be hard for one short day,
 What must for ever be ?

416 *Heavenly Bliss.* C. M.

THERE is a glorious world of light
 Above the starry sky ;

Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in Wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop, and pass away.

6 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.

417 *Joyful Anticipation of Heaven.* C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

418 *The Heavenly Rest.* L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
Thy servants to that rest aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 There languor shall no more oppress ;
The heart shall feel no more distress ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

4 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death and sin ;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine !

419*Hope of Heaven.*

P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place ;
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 So the soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant, in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

420*The New Jerusalem.*

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold ? [walls
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up;
And Sabbaths have no end ?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes,

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death, dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

421

The Beautiful Land.

S. M.

THREE is a land above
All beautiful and bright,

And those who love and seek the Lord,
Rise to that world of light.

2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

422*Heaven for Children.*

S. M.

THREE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a child as I
Escape so sad an end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.

423*Perdition.*

C. M.

FAR from the utmost verge of day,
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play,
The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God, his angry breath
 Supplies and fans the fire ;
 Then sinners taste the second death,
 And would, but can't expire.

3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
 With torture gnaws the heart ;
 And woe and wrath in every form,
 Is now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world indeed ; ah ! who can bear
 For ever there to dwell,
 For ever sinking in despair,
 In all the pains of hell ?

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord. [known,

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honour done.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise.

With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love :
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M. D.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown ;
In essence One, in persons Three ;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined,
The honours of thy name to raise :
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath thy praise.

S. M. D.

WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in his love ;
To God the Son, we give the same,
Our advocate above.

2 The Spirit too we bless,
And raise his honours high ;
Who conquers by his sovereign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death :
 Who saves by his redeeming Word,
 And new creating Breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be ad-
 dressed ;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
 And spread his fame, till time shall be no
 more.

L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,
 And in the church below ;
 From whom all creatures draw their birth,
 By whom redemption blessed the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

L. P. M.

NOW to the great, and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be

Eternal power and glory given,
 Through all the worlds where God is
 By all the angels near the throne, [known,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

5s, & 6s.

BY angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be addressed
 To God in three Persons,
 One God ever blessed :
 As it has been, now is,
 And always shall be.

7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

7s, & 6s.

TO the Father, to the Son,
 And Spirit ever blessed,
 Everlasting Three in One,
 All worship be addressed.
 Praise from all above, below,
 As throughout the ages past,
 Now is given, and shall be so,
 While endless ages last.

8s.

A LL praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
 The eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

8s, & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven ;
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise ;
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory to the eternal Son ;
 Sound aloud the Spirit's praises ;
 Join the elders round the throne ;
 Hallelujah,
 Hail the glorious Three in One.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

NOW to Him who loved us—gave us
 Every pledge that love could give,
 Freely shed his blood to save us :
 Gave his life that we might live—
 Be the kingdom
 And dominion,
 And the glory evermore.

11s, & 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to
the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blest;
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

CHORUS.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord.

11s.

O FATHER Almighty to thee be ad-
dressed, [blest,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever
All glory and worship from earth, and
from heaven, [given.
As was, and is now, and shall ever be

SUPPLEMENT.

The following pieces are not intended for use in social worship, but rather for being committed to memory.

1

Go to the House of Prayer.

GO to the house of prayer,
If ye would hold communion sweet with
heaven;
Go, 'tis a boon from God, to mortals given;
Seek blessings there.

Go to the house of prayer,
Ye Christians, when your hopes are lost in
night,
Go, on your God, the source of life and light,
Cast all your care.

Go to the house of prayer,
When fears press down your souls, or shake
your faith, [saith,
Or doubts dismay: Hear what the Saviour
“I will be there.”

Go to the house of prayer;
Thou thoughtless one, it is the place for thee;

Thee God invites—there on the bended knee,
Rich mercies share.

Go to the house of prayer;
There let your hearts in holy union meet,
Go, cast your burdens at the Saviour's feet,
Ye cannot bear.

Go to the house of prayer,
If ye would hold communion sweet with
heaven;
Go, 'tis a boon from God to mortals given,
Seek blessings there.

2 *Come to the Place of Prayer.*

COME! Come! Come!
Come to the place of prayer;
The day is past and gone,
And on the silent air,
The voice of praise is borne.
Sweet is the hour of rest;
Pleasant the heart's low sigh,
And the glow within our breast,
And the hope beyond the sky.
Yes, tuneful is the sound
Of glad hearts as they sing;
Welcome the glory round
Shed from the Spirit's wing.
But bliss more sweet and still,
Than aught on earth e'er gave,
Our weary souls shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.
Earth with her dreams shall fade,

And our bodies turn to dust,
But our souls shall soar and sing,
In the mansions of the just.

3

The Use of Flowers.

GOD might have bade the earth bring
Enough for great and small, [forth
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The mighty dews might fall ;
And the herd that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they
All dyed with rainbow light, [made,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ;

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not,
 Then wherefore have they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
 Whene'er his faith is dim;
 For He who careth for the flowers,
 Will much more care for him.

4 *Why do the Flowers bloom?*

“WHY do the flowers bloom, mother?
 Why do the sweet flowers bloom;
 And brightest, those we reared, mother,
 Around my brother's tomb?”
 “To fill the world with gladness,
 My child, were flowers given;
 To crown the earth with beauty,
 And show the road to heaven!”

“Then why do the flowers fade, mother?
 Why do the sweet flowers fade,
 When winter's gloomy clouds, mother,
 Earth's brightest scenes pervade?”
 “My child, those flowers that wither
 Have seeds that still remain,
 That sunshine and the summer
 Restore to life again.”

“And shall not those who die, mother,
 Come back to life once more,
 E'en as the rain and sun, mother,
 Those beauteous flowers restore?”

“ Yes, yes, my child, such powers
 To human flowers are given ;
 Here earth’s frail flowers may blossom,
 But we may rise—in heaven.”

5

Hymn on Death.

WHERE shall I die ? Shall death’s cold hand
 Arrest my breath while dear ones stand,
 In silent watchful love, to shed
 Their tears around my quiet bed ?
 Or shall I meet my final doom
 Far from my country and my home ?
 Lord, to thy will I bend the knee ;
 Thou evermore hast cared for me.

How shall I die ? shall death’s harsh yoke
 Subdue me by a single stroke ?
 Or shall my fainting frame sustain
 The tedious languishing of pain ;
 Sinking in weariness away,
 Slowly and sadly day by day ?
 Lord, I repose my cares on thee,
 Thou evermore hast cared for me.

When shall I die ? Shall death’s stern call
 Soon come, my spirit to appal ?
 Or shall I live through circling years,
 A pilgrim in this vale of tears ;
 Surviving those I loved the best,
 Who in the peaceful church-yard rest ?
 Lord, I await thy wise decree :
 Thou evermore hast cared for me.

Yet, O sustain me by thy power !
 Be with me in life's parting hour ;
 Tell me of peace and pardon won,
 Through the dear mercies of thy Son :
 Then shall I feel resigned to go
 From life's brief joy and fleeting woe,
 If I in death the Saviour see,
 Who evermore hath cared for me.

6

Immortality.

THE insect bursting from its tomb-like bed ; [revives ;
 The grain that in a thousand grains
 The trees that seem in wintry torpor dead,
 Yet each new year renewing their green
 leaves ;
 All teach, without the added aid of faith,
 That life still triumphs o'er apparent
 death.

But dies the insect when the summer dies ;
 The grain hath perished, tho' the plant
 remain ;
 In death, at last, the oak of ages lies ;
 Here reason fails, nor further can
 attain,
 For reason argues but from what she sees,
 Nor traces to their goal these mysteries.

But Faith the dark hiatus can supply ;
 Teaching, eternal progress still shall
 reign ;
 Telling (as these things aid her to espy)

In higher worlds that higher laws obtain;
Pointing, with radiant finger raised on
high, [cannot die!
From life that still revives, to life that

7

I sing of Calvary:

DOWN from the willow bough
My slumbering harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake.
Peaceful let its breathings be,
Soft and soothing harmony.

Love, love divine, I sing;
O for a seraph's lyre,
Bathed in Siloa's stream,
And touched with living fire,
Lofty, pure the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.

Love, Love on earth appears;
The wretched throng his way;
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away;
Soft and sweet the strains should be,
Saviour, when I sing of thee.

He saw me as he passed,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh.
Loud and long the strain should be,
When I sing his love to me.

“ I die for thee,” he said ;
Behold the Cross arise !
And lo ! he bows his head,
He bows his head and dies !
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be ;
Let me weep on Calvary.

He lives ! again he lives !
I hear the voice of Love :
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above.
Joyful now the strain shall be,
When I sing of Calvary.

8

I have no Mother.

I HAVE no mother, for she died
When I was very young,
But memory still around my heart
Like morning mist has hung.

They tell me of an angel form
That watched around my bed,
And of a soft and quiet hand
That wiped the tears I shed.

With smiles she held my tiny arm,
When I began to walk ;
And joy would sparkle in her eyes,
When I would try to talk.

And often, too, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow ;
Her tears would fall upon my cheek ;
I think I feel them now.

And then she used to kneel with me,
 And teach me how to pray,
 And raise my little hands to heaven,
 And tell me what to say.

O mother, mother, in my heart
 Thy image still shall be ;
 And may I hope, in heaven, at last,
 To meet and live with thee ?

9

The doomed Man.

THREE is a time, we know not when,
 A point, we know not where,
 That marks the destiny of men,
 To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
 That crosses every path ;
 The hidden boundary between
 God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
 To die as if by stealth ;
 It does not quench the beaming eye,
 Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
 The spirits light and gay ;
 That which is pleasing still may please,
 And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set,
 Indelibly, a mark,
 Unseen by man, for man as yet
 Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below,
 Like Eden, may have bloomed ;
 He did not, does not, will not know
 Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels, that all is well,
 And every fear is calmed :
 He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
 Not only doomed, but damned.

O where is this mysterious bourne,
 By which our path is crossed ;
 Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
 That he who goes is lost ?

How far may we go on in sin ?
 How long will God forbear ?
 Where does hope end, and where begin
 The confines of despair ?

An answer from the skies is sent :
 Ye that from God depart,
 While it is called to-day, repent,
 And harden not your heart.

10 *The Value of a Moment.*

AT every motion of our breath,
 Life trembles on the brink of death !
 A taper's flame that upward turns,
 While downward to the dust it burns.

A moment ushered us to birth,
 Heirs of the commonwealth of earth ;
 Moment by moment years are past,
 And one, ere long, will be our last.

'Twixt that long fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

This is that moment—who shall tell,
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.

Time past, and time to come, are not;
Time present is our only lot;
O God, henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine.

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(SUPPLEMENT.)



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